

August, 1918

# PUCK

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A grim and ghastly token from  
No Man's Land! German barb-  
wire with a bit of Scotch tar-  
tan held fast in deadly prongs.

I have been in France, *writes Harry Lauder*. I realize now more than ever before that my son's life was not given in vain. With mine own eyes I have seen the hellish work of the Hun. And no one who has not seen it with his own eyes can have even a glimmer of understanding.

God tells us that we must love our enemies. But He can't expect us to love His enemies!

I have sung my songs to the soldiers. I have lived with them in their camps. I have been with them in the mud and blood-soggy trenches.

I have heard their tales and seen their deeds. I have visited their hospitals. I have talked with the wounded. Some will never more walk the shady lanes, or the little streets of their home towns; some will never gaze upon the trees and flowers on the hillside, nor look into the faces of loved ones: but they still laugh and talk and sing.

**IF YOU, TOO, HAVE A SON** in service, if you have any friend in uniform, you will find courage and consolation in Harry Lauder's ringing words of faith. He has given his only son to the cause. He has himself lived with the soldiers in the trenches. He has toured England raising money and recruits. He has spoken to millions in America—his story has sent 12,000 men into the Army. Of all these experiences Harry Lauder has written in his own simple words. His great book—“**A MINSTREL IN FRANCE**”—is now on sale. Price \$2.00. At all booksellers, or direct from

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Pour only enough powder into the bowl for immediate use.



Add a little water. Work the depilatory and water into a smooth, thick paste with the horn spoon.



Spread the paste evenly and thickly over the hair. Leave it on a few moments.

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KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.

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August, 1918

Vol. LXXXIII—No. 2120

# PUCK

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PUCK is fortunate this month in having its family circle more or less complete, not to mention the addition of two new contributors who may be depended upon to add to the mirth that ever makes Puck's round-table a feast of gaiety.

Ethel Watts Mumford hardly needs an introduction, even though "The Country Gentleman's Guyed" is her first appearance in these pages. Through the "Cynic's Calendar," she has long amused an enthusiastic circle of readers, and if you've ever experienced the joys of country life, you will find a responsive vein in her laughable forecast for the month of August, in this number.

An unusual measure of interest attaches to the page of sketches by M. Pavis, one of the most popular, withal one of the youngest, contributors to the Parisian humorous press. M. Pavis was in the very first class called to the colors in France, and at Verdun was so badly wounded by a shell that he lost the use of both legs. While convalescing in the American Hospital at Neuilly, he turned once more to his drawing-board, and his sketches enlisted the especial attention of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. He was advised to send his work to a representative American periodical, and, naturally, his first choice was Puck. We have asked M. Pavis to record for us his impressions of the American soldier "on leave" in the French capital.

IN next month's issue, we have further surprises for you. Bruno Lessing will be represented with a particularly happy vein in "As Things Go," as the sixth of his inimitable "Tales of the Town." Michelson takes "The Wonder Girl" into new fields of activity, and Alan Dale takes us back stage with one of the very newest and most charming of our musical comedy stars.

And just to intrude worldly matters upon your attention, there's a coupon on page 35 that will save you a lot of hot weather worry if your newsdealer happens to be one of those progressive souls who is eternally selling out his supply of PUCKS.

Sign it, just for fun!

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President

JOSEPH A. MOORE, Vice-President JULIAN M. GERARD, Treasurer

W. G. LANGDON, Secretary, 119 West 40th Street, New York

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 per year

(Trade-Mark Registered in the United States and Great Britain)

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE: PUCK is published monthly (on sale the tenth of the month preceding date) by INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at New York under the Act of March 3, 1879.

PUCK is mailed to subscribers at \$1.50 per year. Canadian subscriptions \$1.75 per year. Foreign, \$2.00 per year.

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PUCK 119 WEST FORTIETH STREET NEW YORK CITY

## Women of America!

Here is an excellent opportunity to serve your country and yourselves at the same time—a chance to save your dollars and conserve the supply of wool and cotton for our soldiers.

Buy one or two gowns less this summer—let me remodel that old gown which you have set aside as unbecoming or out-of-date. At a moderate cost you can have a gown as good as new.

Let your friends compliment you. Then tell them how you practice war economy by investing the money saved on your gowns in War Savings Stamps.

Write, or if in town call, and I shall be glad to serve you.

Mme. Blair

132 W. 91st St., New York

Tel. 4884 Riverside



Gamboling on the Green is all right for some people. But most of us prefer to sit back in our leather cushions and let PUCK do all our gamboling—both plain and fancy! Light, bright, cheerful, entertaining PUCK does much to keep up one's spirits in a wartime summer. If you haven't already got PUCK signed up securely for the season turn at once to page 35.



# The Comfort Car



H

HOW little all this *comfort* costs is the most comforting thought of all.

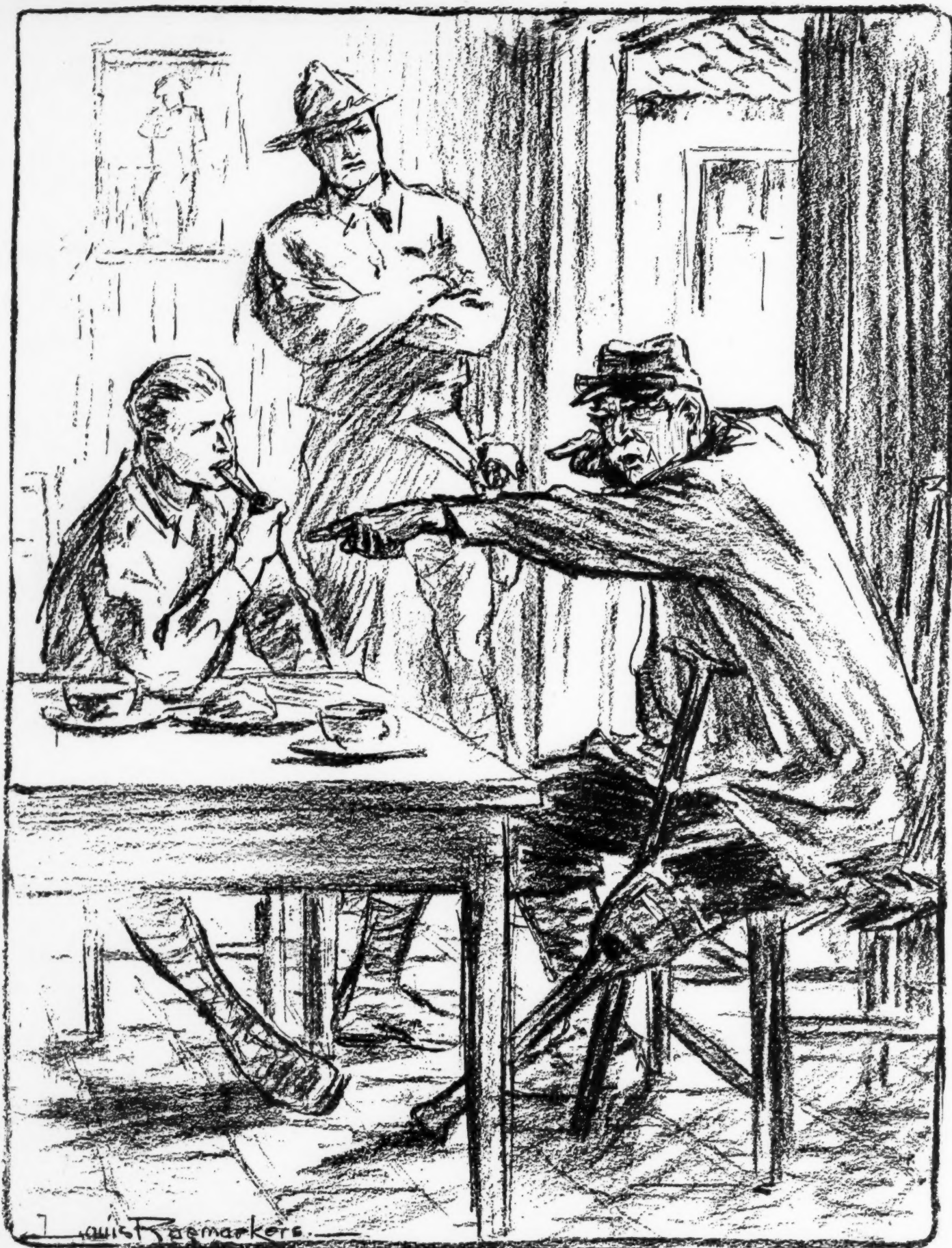
The Hupmobile owner *does* travel in ease, and with efficiency—he *does* reduce even the ordinary effort of driving.

But all this at a cost so low that it is far under the best records of the best Hupmobiles that have gone before.

Mileage costs per gallon of gas and oil, tire maintenance, repairs and tuning-up processes—in *The Comfort Car* all are at a minimum which satisfies the scruples of even the most conservative war-time saver.

Every War Savings Stamp bought in July adds \$4.17 to our war resources, and pays its holder \$5 on January 1, 1923.

# Hupmobile



The Old Poilu Tells the Story of Verdun  
by LOUIS RAEMAEKERS



# What Fools These Mortals Be!

by B. L. T.

THE motto of this department is, "We aim to please." But be reasonable. The late Buffalo Bill aimed to please, and he broke only about two glass balls out of twenty. Why should more be expected of us?

*Speaking of Buffalo Bill, the Wild West is still wild—in spots. In the Anaconda Standard we lamp the adlet: "For Sale—About twenty tons of extra wild hay."*

VERNON BAILEY, the w. k. illustrator, was making sketches on a battleship recently, and he was explaining to us the various messes in which the different officers ate. The captain ate alone, except when a guest was aboard. The commander and lieutenant commander ate with each other, the lieutenants and ensigns with one another, and so on to the bosun-tight and the midshipmite and the crew of the captain's gig. "And who eats with the admiral?" we inquired. "God!" replied Bailey.

*In ritual and insignia, the Masons have practically nothing on the esteemed navy. In comparison the army is as destitute of plumage as a Mexican hairless dog.*

THE reception of the Belgian soldiers who visited the United States was deservedly uproarious. Everybody wanted a look at the nervy warriors who invaded Germany in 1914, and "forced the war" upon the peace-loving Pruss.

"Home is a harem of rest to a man after a hard day's work."  
—Quincy (Ill.) Journal of Industry.

That is what Abdul Hamid used to remark when he dropped his dinner pail on the hall table, hung up his fez, and repaired to the ample bosom of his family.

"It is dangerous," warns a health pundit, "to swim after a heavy meal." Especially, we should add, if there is a high sea running. It is much safer to summon the steward and order another snack. The second one may stay down.

THE health pundits who conduct departments in the newspapers utter profounder truths than the editorial writers. One of these docs observed t'other day: "It is better for people to sleep alone on general principles."

"Wanted—Second hand cook. Hoist Hotel, Boone, Ia."

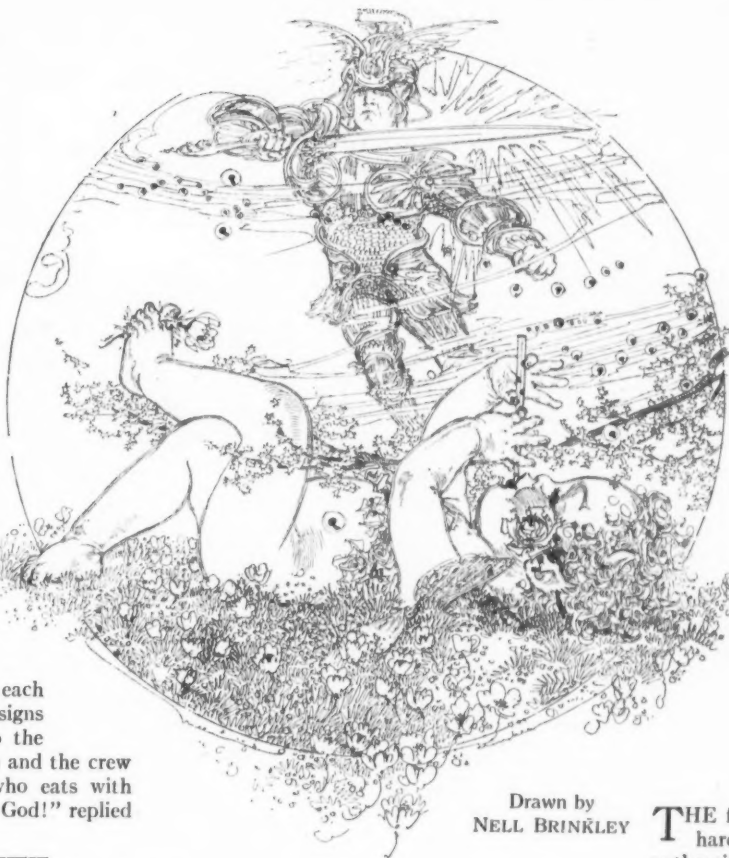
You know what they want her for—to time the eggs.

THE inspired compositor is always doing this sort of thing:

"To Rent—For single gentleman, pleasant front room with two widows."

Occasionally he plays a double-header, as this from a Pacific coast daily:

"The captain stood on the bride, and watched sea after sea dash through the widow."



Drawn by  
NELL BRINKLEY

Given the material for the story, and an extra jigger or two of inspiration, the incomp. might produce the following:

## A Tale of the Sea

The captain stood on the bride, and watched sea after sea dash through the widow. But he was not fussed, as he was a bottle-scarred veteran of the deep. Besides, the typhoon seemed a zephyr compared with his home life ashore. Six months ago he retired, as he thought, from the sea, and married an indignant widow with seven small children, with whom he had become acquainted through correspondence. They were married at the home of the bride, which was tastefully decorated with smilax and syringes, only a few fiends of the family being present. His martial life proving a flivver, he fled back to sea. The lady bought a couple of cows and started a diary.

THE fuel administration is distributing hard coal "only to habitual users of anthracite." We were obliged to confess that we were an anthracite addict, though not, like some of our friends, a coke fiend. In cold weather we simply can't get along without a shot of anthracite twice a day.

"If you are living exclusively on milk you will not need much additional water."—Dr. Wiley's Helpful Hints.

We showed that to our milkman, and he asked, with a scowl, "Whadayamean additional?"

ONE of the gases which the Germans have been using comes in bottles. Some of the Yanks hailing from Milwaukee sent word to the Huns that they would prefer to have the gas in brown bottles.

"That feeling of satisfaction comes to those using the Imperisho Casket."—Adv.

O Death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling!

THE German state of mind may be described in seven German words. A German test tube taken from the shelf in a university laboratory was wrapped in a paper bearing the inscription, "Lieb mich und die Welt is dein!"

Trilby on the Avenue  
My Mandy wears the latest weave  
Of garments thin. Oh, Mandy!  
You move, you stir, and I perceive  
Your modus operandi.

SVENGALI.

What used to be called galloping consumption may be the result of what an Ohio newspaper refers to as "broncho-pneumonia."

"Barn Dance Halts as Building Falls on Merry-makers."

—Minneapolis Journal.

Naturally, you may say. But nothing less would halt Terpsichore in these days of frenzied stepping.



# The Country Gentleman's Guyed — Compiled by ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD

## AUGUST

*A Bucolic Survey of the Month Arranged for Those Who Exist Just Beyond the Commuting Zone*

The Month's Flower  
KOHLRABI

Lucky Stone  
COAL

The Month's Perfume  
CITRONELLA

*Precious Thought for the Eighth Month:*  
"Thyme makes the sage; the sage his thyme."—HOSTETTER



THE month *Augurs*, so named because of the persistent and inaccurate *auguries* concerning crops. Some archeologists prefer the derivation "Aw, Gus!" an exclamation attributed to the late emperor's spouse. See *Life and Letters of Sukka Maximus*:

### Daily Routine for Country Gentleman

1. Prune visiting lists carefully.
2. Sow wild oats during the lunar eclipse.
3. Do not place cold frames on hot beds in summer; reverse the process to obtain best results.
4. Weed all long hairs from military brushes.
5. Clip divorce coupons from bonds of matrimony.
6. Keep your offenses in good repair.
7. Less wheat and sugar will prevent chatty degeneration of the sweetheart.
8. Dig up family trees with caution. It is unwise to uncover the roots, and if the graft is exposed, blight may result.
9. Salt down everything in sight. This is too little practised by the Gentleman Farmer.
10. Keep an eye on the poultry. If possible spend rainy Sundays attending chickens.
11. Remember, water glass is for "putting down" eggs, and is never seen on a Country Gentleman's sideboard.
12. Keep Sweet William out of delirium beds.
13. Do not insist to your stable manager that your horse has gladiolas, nor advise the gardener to set out glanders. The terms are often confused by amateurs.
14. Do not summon a physician if told that your trilliums need attention.
15. Clinging vines should be cut



### The Country Lady's August Activities

*Monday*—Sort neighbors' linen. The family wash had best remain bagged.

*Tuesday*—Examine piano for evidences of San Juan scale.

*Wednesday*—A good day for preserving appearances.

*Thursday*—Prepare lists for impending week-end.

*Friday*—Poor fish are ever plentiful.

*Saturday*—And this is the day they arrive.

*Sunday*—To be successful, stir continually and season highly, as ingredients often lack good taste.

*Monday (following)*—Left-overs, either boiled or stewed, may be treated by plunging into cold water. When properly chilled, they may easily be canned and shipped out.

### Hot-Weather Hints

In shaving ice, be careful not to waste the whiskers. Use cold comforts on beds. The tendency to warm up scraps is to be deprecated. Extend the icy mitt as occasion demands.



away from family props, and pergolas and tea-houses kept free from them. This species is now rare but nevertheless objectionable, either on the Common or Garden.

16. Plant alibis. These are of slow growth but very useful as a screening shrub; in fact, the very best variety for hedging.

17. Run barbed-wire around the water garden. Guests are likely to trample the tender roots of nenuphar.

18. Remember that offense will never get well if you pick it.

19. The only genuine perennial border is bugs.

20. It is not necessary to import lemons. The home orchard can be relied upon to produce ample for family consumption.

21. A strong spray of Mary Garden will discourage aunts should they show a tendency to colonize.

22. Do not demand too much of your gardener—you hire him to be a grafter.

23. Dead beets are best planted deep.

24. Sew bachelor buttons firmly.

25. Carpet sweepers tell tales—have the lawn covered thoroughly.

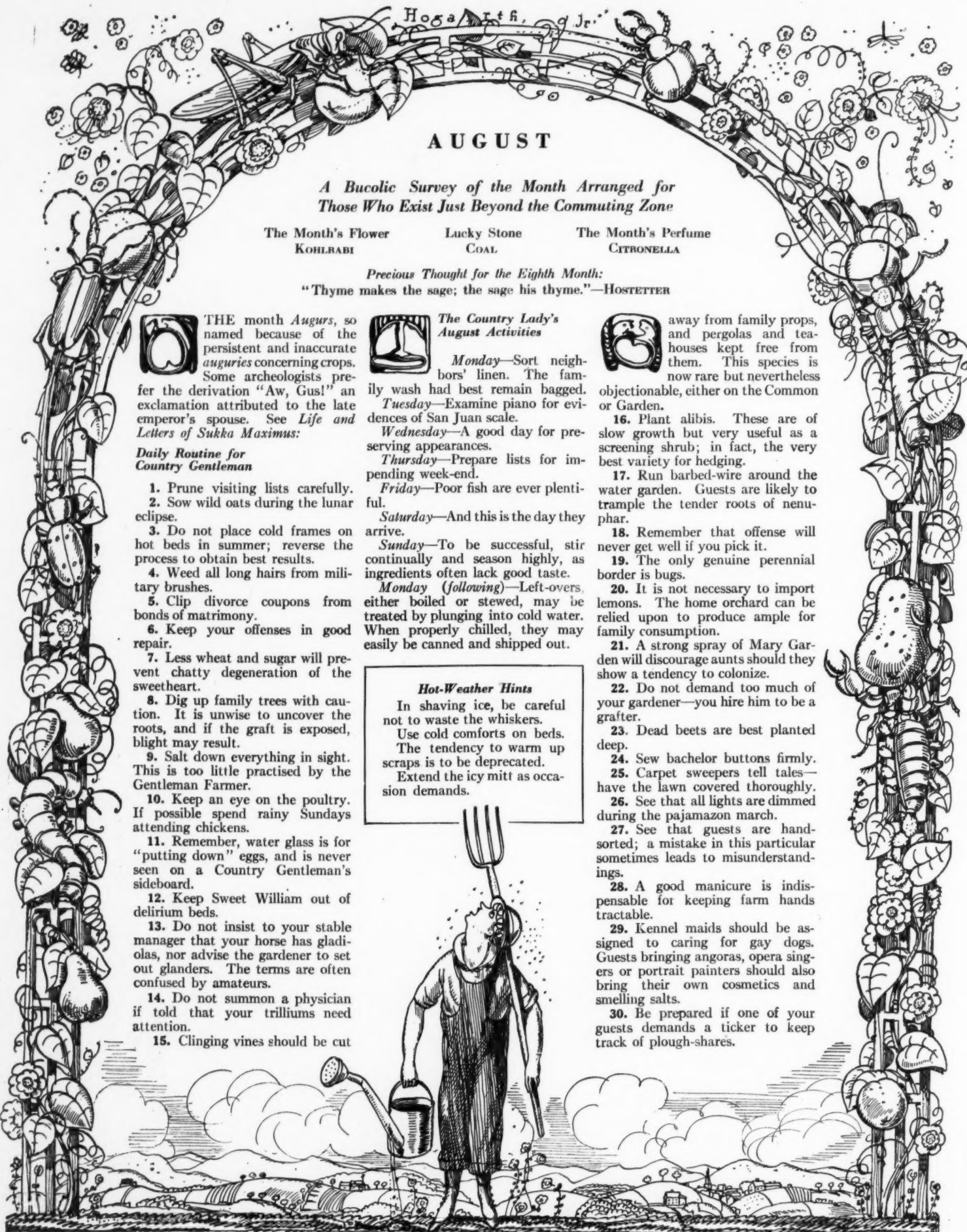
26. See that all lights are dimmed during the pajamazon march.

27. See that guests are hand-sorted; a mistake in this particular sometimes leads to misunderstandings.

28. A good manicure is indispensable for keeping farm hands tractable.

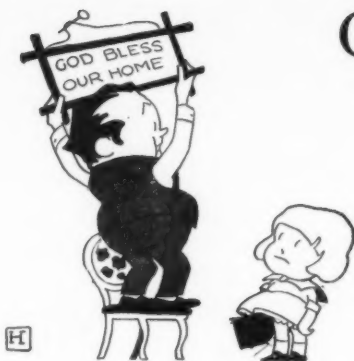
29. Kennel maids should be assigned to caring for gay dogs. Guests bringing angoras, opera singers or portrait painters should also bring their own cosmetics and smelling salts.

30. Be prepared if one of your guests demands a ticker to keep track of plough-shares.



# On The Other Hand

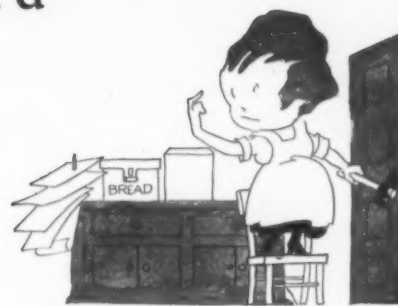
by K. C. B.



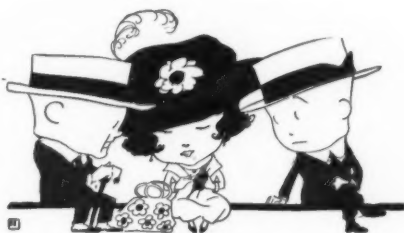
AND SO they were married.  
AND OVER the door.  
WHERE they rested.  
FROM their daily toil.  
THEY HUNG the motto.  
"GOD BLESS Our Home."  
AND HE did.  
AND IN four years.  
THERE WERE four of them.  
AND THE war came on.  
AND THE COST of living.  
WENT away up.  
AND FROM then on.  
THEY HUNG the motto.  
OVER THE pantry door.



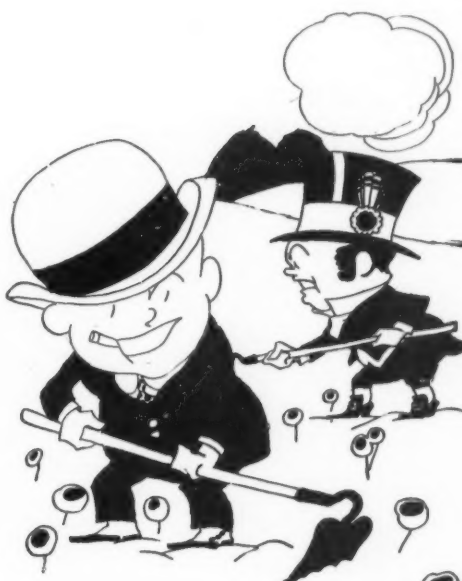
AND now.  
THAT THEY'VE passed a law.  
IN NEW YORK State.  
WHICH SAYS that everybody.  
MUST BE engaged.  
IN A useful occupation.  
WILL somebody.  
PLEASE say.



AND THERE'S a man.  
A WHO WRITES for magazines.  
ABOUT free speech.  
BEING God-given.  
AND ABOUT the right.  
TO disagree.  
AND TO criticize.  
AND IF his wife.  
DARES OPEN her mouth.  
TO EXPRESS an opinion.  
OF HER own.  
THAT doesn't agree.  
WITH HIS view.  
HE HAS a fit.  
AND one day.



AND THERE'S a woman.  
THAT I know.  
AND SHE'S knitting socks.  
FOR ONE-LEGGED soldiers.  
DON'T YOU love that?  
AND THERE'S another woman.  
AND SHE HAS part of a sock.  
AND A ball of yarn.  
AND SOME knitting needles.  
AND A knitting bag.  
AND EVERYWHERE she goes.  
SHE TAKES them with her.  
AND IN the street cars.  
AND public places.  
SHE PICKS at the sock.  
AND WHEN she gets home.  
SHE PUTS it all away.  
WITH her hat.

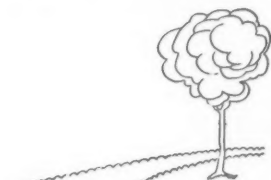


WHAT IS to become.  
OF THE ticket speculators.  
AND THE footmen?



HE WHIPPED his boy.  
FOR CALLING another boy.  
A "GREAT big fat-head."  
AND THEY do say.  
THAT THE other boy.  
IS REALLY a fat-head.

AND I READ somewhere.  
THAT FORMER Russian generals.  
HAD BECOME bootblacks.  
AND WHEN the war is over.  
I HOPE it will happen.  
TO THE German generals.  
BECAUSE leaning over.  
THE WAY bootblacks do.  
YOU'D HAVE plenty of time.  
TO GET A good swing.  
AND RAP 'em on the nut.  
WITH A piece of pipe.  
AND IF the Kaiser.  
SHOULD BECOME a bootblack.  
OH, boy!  
WHAT I'D do to him!



AND I know a man.  
WHO BOUGHT a Liberty Bond.  
FOR fifty dollars.  
AND EVER since then.  
HE'S BEEN so excited.  
ABOUT WHAT he did.  
THAT HE'S going to ask for a seat.  
AT THE peace conference.  
WHEN THE war is done.

AND anyway.  
WHOEVER it was.  
THAT WROTE the song.  
ABOUT A little bit of heaven.  
FALLING into the sea.  
"AND THEY called it Ireland."  
MUST HAVE made a mistake.  
OR something.  
BECAUSE everybody knows.  
THAT THEY couldn't raise.  
WHAT THEY'RE raising in Ireland.  
ON A LITTLE bit of heaven.

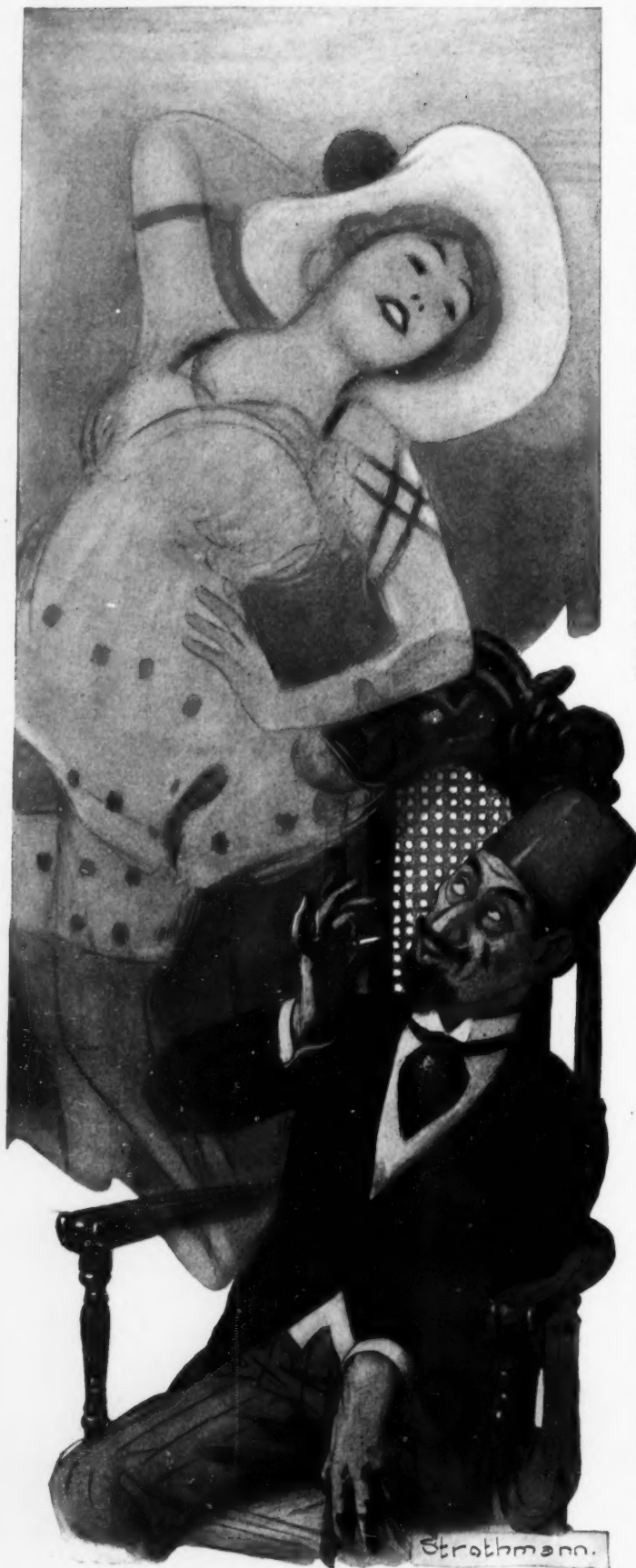
AND THE other day.  
I WAS introduced to a woman.  
AND THE man made a mistake.  
AND said.  
"THIS IS B. L. T."  
AND THE woman raved.  
AND said.  
"OH, MR. B. L. T."  
"I JUST love you."  
"AND THE things you write."  
AND THE way it was.  
I DIDN'T dare tell her.  
I WAS K. C. B.  
AND MR. Editor.  
WHEN B. L. T.  
COMES IN with his copy.  
I WISH you'd tell him.  
I HAVE A trade-last for him.  
AND THAT'LL be all.  
FOR THIS month.





# Tales of the Town

V.—A Cyprus Lamp — by BRUNO LESSING



"There's a little girl who works in the Winter Garden," said Rahmi, out of a clear sky.

THE chief objection that may be made to this narrative is that it has no plot. When you come to think of it, however, what good does a plot do a narrative? Most of us travel from the cradle to the grave through a fairly interesting succession of experiences and yet there is very rarely a plot in them. People whose lives involve plots usually land in the district attorney's office at some time. Nature makes it a point not to create plots. It leaves them to those writers who feel bound to improve on nature. Having only recently recovered from the grippe we have the profoundest respect for nature. This story, therefore, is told just as it happened:

George Pearson, after having served as salesman in the Smithers Boot & Shoe Store on lower Fifth avenue for three years, was dismissed from his employment for reasons of economy. To make the situation absolutely clear we might explain that it was Mr. Smithers who was economizing and not George Pearson. It being the dull season in the shoe business George decided to waste no time in that direction but to accept the first position that came along no matter what it was. He intended ultimately to go into business for himself and had been stinting himself in many directions to save money for this purpose but he had not yet succeeded in accumulating enough.

For three years, on his way home, George had passed the antiquarian shop of Ahmed Rahmi on Fifth avenue. Having not the slightest interest in antiquities or *objets d'art* he had rarely paid any attention to the rugs, chalices, plates and other rarities displayed in the window excepting to note, almost sub-consciously, that the goods on exhibition were changed from time to time. On his second day of wandering in search of a position, however, he saw something in the window which interested him more than the original cup in which Cleopatra dissolved her pearls would have done. It was a sign bearing the words, "Salesman Wanted."

Ahmed Rahmi sitting alone in his shop, his arms folded and his big, black eyes staring vacantly into the darkest corner of the room, looked up and beheld a rather good-looking, well-built and energetic young man enter the place. He knew immediately that it was not a customer. People who looked like George Pearson never bought antiquities. Rahmi, therefore, did not rise.

"I saw your sign in the window," explained George. "I'm looking for a position." Rahmi surveyed him slowly and deliberately from head to foot.

"Do you know anything about antiques?" he finally asked. George shook his head.

"I've been working in the shoe business," said he, "but it wouldn't take me long to get the hang of this business. I can sell anything from a razor to a hyena." Rahmi gazed at him so steadfastly that George was almost becoming embarrassed when, unexpectedly, the oriental asked, "Are you in love?" George promptly turned red.

"Up to my neck," he replied. "But what's that got to do with the position of salesman?"

"Nothing," replied Rahmi, shaking his head, sadly. "Leave me the name of your references and come around in the morning."

We would like to state here that Ahmed Rahmi was a Turk, an Armenian, a Persian or a Cesarian. But we do not know. We have found from experience that the people of those various countries do so much lying about their origin that we are loth to take any responsibility in the matter. Ahmed Rahmi was an Oriental.

George Pearson arrived the following morning and was engaged as salesman. His new employer explained to him the secret mark on each article in the shop which denoted its selling price. George was staggered by the scale of prices. He had been accustomed to dealing in figures that ranged between \$3.50 and \$18. The cheapest article in Rahmi's shop was marked \$250.

The work was simple. George soon learned the price of most articles in the shop by heart and, in the course of long talks with his employer, soon learned the story that accompanied each article. As far as George could make out Rahmi had little to do in life but talk. Customers were scarce, the two men were alone in the shop together most of the day and there was hardly anything to do but talk. Rahmi's talk was usually impromptu, unexpected, inconsequential and un-apropos.

"There is a little girl who works in the Winter Garden," said Rahmi, out of a clear sky, one morning. "I am crazy about her but she will not pay any attention to me. What would you do about it?"

"I'd forget it," said George, promptly. Rahmi nodded.

"Tell me about your love affair," said he. George had very little to tell. Her folks were well-to-do and, according to George, she had had a wonderful education. She was fond of him, and in a vague way, it was understood that they were to be married some day. The spectre that loomed between them, however, was the fact that George was a shoe salesman.

"Not that she looks down on honest work," George explained. "She thinks we all ought to work. But selling shoes is such a low-brow kind of job. And, besides, she talks such classy English and she's always lambasting me because I ain't interested in anything but baseball."

Rahmi nodded in perfect comprehension. Then, as if to sum up the result of George's analysis and



his own observations, he remarked, with an air of finality,

"Women are a lot of goats."

Sometimes, of an afternoon, Rahmi would disappear on some mysterious mission, leaving George alone in the shop. At such times the young man would kill time by studying one article after another, wondering what its possible history could be and wondering even more that there were people in the world who would pay the price that was marked on it. One day he came across two extremely old-looking copper vessels, beaten in graceful but fantastic design, which looked as if, in some by-gone age, they had served as lamps. For some unaccountable reason they interested him more than any of the other antique wares in the place. They were marked \$1200 each. George whistled. At the first opportunity he asked Rahmi what they were.

"They come from the island of Cyprus," said Rahmi, consulting a railroad time-table that he had in his hand. "They are two thousand years old. They were found in an old temple where they had been kept burning for nearly a thousand years. The priests of the temple came and went but there was always someone to keep the lamps burning. Thousands of people were killed by the light of those lamps. The Roman emperors used to come and worship by their light. They were old lamps in the temple when Caesar ruled."

George's knowledge of history, theology and antiquities was too slender for him to question any of Rahmi's fluent explanation. But he was greatly impressed.

"If a fellow wanted to find out something about that Cyprus place," he asked, "where ought he go?" Rahmi shrugged his shoulders.

"I can tell you anything you want to know," he replied. "But there are plenty of books in the public library." George went to the public library for several evenings and read a lot about the island of Cyprus.

"What would you do," asked Rahmi, a few days later, "if you had offered a girl to buy her a diamond ring and she said she wouldn't take it?"

"Do you mean that girl in the Winter Garden?" asked George. Rahmi gazed at him in mild surprise.

"Oh, dear, no," said he. "I haven't seen her for a long time. This girl works in a manicure place."

"I'd shake her," said George. But, feeling a strong desire to unburden himself of his own affairs, he ventured:

"I made a great hit with my girl. I told you what a high-brow she was. Well, sir, she nearly had a fit when I began talking about Cyprus. She was just tickled to

death. She said we're going to study history together. Ain't that great?" Rahmi nodded, absent-mindedly.

"There's a lovely girl at the telephone booth in the hotel across the street," said he. George nodded.

"D'ye mind if I bring my girl in here some day and let her look at those Cyprus lamps?" he asked.

"Sure," said Rahmi. "If she has a nice-looking friend tell her to bring her along."

From time to time customers came into the place and Rahmi would stand gazing abstractedly out of the window while George showed them the shop's wares and, occasionally, made a sale. He was greatly pleased with his new salesman but, oriental-fashion, gave no sign of his approbation. George had a pleasing personality, impressed customers with a sense of his honesty and, when he



"They come from the island of Cyprus," said Rahmi, consulting a railroad time-table.

was unable to reply to their questions, avowed his ignorance with a frankness that was extremely engaging. Gradually he grew acquainted with Rahmi's wares and absorbed more and more of antiquarian lore. And all the time he became happier.

"I never can tell you how much I owe you," he

said to his employer, one day. "I've got my girl just frazzled by my talk on old junk and she thinks I'm a wonder. If I wasn't cut out for the shoe business I'd go into this game myself. But I guess it takes a lot of capital. Anyway, I'm getting things all fixed (Continued on page 32)



"I am Mrs. Rahmi," she said. "My husband is an awful liar."

# The Wonder Girl

by MICHELSON



"MY garden is a great success  
"The crops can't be surpassed;  
"The Huns are eating less and less,  
"But our boys never fast."



"IN days like these, we need our poise;  
"The War-time spirit's vital.  
"And so I've planned to give the boys  
"Great times at my recital."



"MY cute device for War Fund Drives  
"Will surely save a lot of lives—  
"Who'll miss a chance to 'Kick the Kaiser'?  
"Come, no one wants to be a miser!"



"TO relieve the rail congestion,"  
The Wonder Girl explains,  
"Simply follow my suggestion  
"And add a few more trains."



## The Dolly Sisters

*Which is Yansci,  
which Roszika?  
Alike as two peas  
in a pod, these  
clever dancers,  
now on the Century  
Roof, are awaiting  
the completion of a  
comedy all their  
own, in which  
they will open  
the new season.*

*Photos by Maurice Goldberg*



# Rock-a-Bye Babies

*A Group of Pretty Girls from the  
Clever Comedy at the Astor*



Miss Olive Boardman



Miss Edna Hibbard



Miss Janet McIlwaine



Miss Nora  
Sprague



Miss Lillwyn White



Miss  
Gladys  
White

*Photos by  
Campbell Studio*

## Cecilia of the Pink Roses



*Photos by  
Campbell Studio*



*Charming Marion Davies, who has  
rested for a moment on the laurels  
of her stage career to lend her ar-  
tistry to one of the most success-  
ful film dramas of the year.*

# A Chat with Charlotte Walker

by ALAN DALE



"I am a bit of a devil"

"He tells me I have gestures like a fish"

of my remarks in the *New York American*, written in 1896. (I won't keep up the unempty-s'teen business any longer, because I assure you, on my honor—absolutely—that Miss Walker doesn't mind a bit—not a bit!) I looked at the worn clipping quite sentimentally. If the evil that men do lives after them, what about the good?

"Years after that," continued Miss Walker, "I wanted to go back to the stage. I had returned to America and married in Texas, and I had two children, and after the Galveston flood, I wanted to support them. So I took your notice with me to Miss Marie Dressler who was producing 'Miss Print' and she put me in the chorus, with a few lines to speak. Then again—and that's why I

"DO you want me to bring home some ice-cream for dinner?" asked the dignified playwright, as he rose, as though gladly, from his type-writer, and confronted his wife.

She looked at him pensively, but withal gratefully, and murmured: "No; tonight, dear, I've got bread pudding."

The eminent playwright immediately withdrew, with a hasty farewell, and I was alone with his wife. His wife was—and is—Miss Charlotte Walker, and I was therefore at liberty to think of such toothsome topics as—bread pudding! The touch of domesticity was somewhat soothing to my theatrical nerves, and Miss Walker "at home" seemed quite the housekeeper. I had merely seen her on the stage doing the heroic in her own charming way, but I'll tell you something in confidence: I saw her unempty-s'teen years ago, when she was a chirruping lassie making her first appearance on the boards in a play called "The Mummy" in London—and I remember writing home that this unknown young American actress had achieved a great success.

"This chat with me," said Charlotte Walker, as soon as the matter of the bread pudding was settled, "is Destiny. Twice you have edged into my life, and twice you have brought me good luck. So the third time will pay for all."

I felt quite perked up about it. In the rôle of Destiny I certainly like to shine—pleasantly, of course. So I looked a bit bashful, and diffident and awaited more from Charlotte Walker.

"'The Mummy' brought you first into my life," she said seriously. "I was only sixteen, and I had gone to London, on a cheap trip with my mother. We had just five hundred dollars between us with which to 'do' Europe, and it was quite an experience for me. I stayed at a boarding house in Bloomsbury, and one day I had tea and strawberries—I love strawberries—with the two Misses Hanbury, actresses, who happened to be there. I had never met an actress before, and my mother thought that this was the 'pace.' Well, they were looking for an American girl to play an American part, and lo, and behold, they picked me. I was scared to death, and as mother had already planned my marriage, she was quite put out about it. But I took the part, and you wrote back to America about it, and here's the criticism."

Miss Walker displayed a somewhat frayed copy





say you are my Destiny—you singled me out, and gave me a delightful little notice. Do you wonder that I'm glad to see you?"

(Mr. Editor, if you *could* see your way to print all that in fat, black type, it would be so pleasing to me, and undo the impression that I am and always have been a hard-hearted villain. Can you? No? Well, never mind. It doesn't matter.)

"I was awfully happy in the chorus," said Miss Walker. "I loved it. I got eighteen dollars a week, and in those days, one *could* live on it. We were such a jolly lot, and so unconventional, and I enjoyed life thoroughly."

Miss Walker sighed a little—just as though she hadn't a delightful house in the West Eighties, and a husband who was coming home to a nice bread pudding—probably with raisins in it!

"It must be lovely for you to have a husband in the house, positively plying you with plays that he alone knows how to fit."

Miss Walker looked at me whimsically. "On the subject of plays we don't get on at all. Oh, I assure you that they break up a happy home. He hates my voice. He says I whine. He tells me that I have gestures like a fish, and then he gets so vexed that he simply won't eat his dinner. The poor man! I feel quite sorry for him."

The playwright's wife spoke with great determination, and quite expected me to believe it all implicitly.

"Then," she continued, "he thinks that it is my duty to play deserted wives, always sorry for themselves—you know the kind. Now, why should I play deserted wives. I have no use for them. I am a bit of a devil, and not in sympathy with the deserted ones. Yet Mr. Walter thinks I am good for nothing else. 'Just a Wife' and 'Just a Woman'—those are his ideas, as far as I am concerned. I'm a comedienne, you know, and I am not at all fond of perpetually being sorry for myself, and pleading for my rights and all that. But that's the way it is. They said—gossips said—that I married Mr. Walker for the sake of a play. It isn't true. I've never got the play, and there you are."

There was a delicious mixture of the whimsical and the wistful about Miss Walker. There was also a sense of humor that she never once tried to repress. And Mr. Walter was to have bread pudding for dinner!

"You see, in my husband's plays, the characters are all so direct, and so pick-axe-y, that I cannot grasp their ideas. That is his idea—for example to talk at each other as though they were playing a game of battle-dore and shuttlecock. I'm a Southerner, and I like to speak slowly, and to take my time moving about, and to be non-chalant and easy. When I do that, he says I whine, and—well, what am I to do about it?"

Miss Charlotte Walker appealed to me, but I had no intention of planting the seeds of mutiny or rebellion. I like a quiet life.

"I suppose," she went on meditatively, "that I have fish-like gestures. You see, I played so many southern parts, in hoop-skirts, that I was obliged to keep my arms somewhat extended. To touch hoopskirts, one is forced to hold the arms out, as it were. Before I married Mr. Walter, I was always cast for southern rôles. I made my best hits in

such plays as 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine' and 'The Crisis,' and I was extremely southern. Now, they want me to eliminate my accent. Positively! Isn't it dreadful?"

Miss Walker had certainly succeeded to some extent. I could detect very little of the southern "dialect" as we sat chatting.

"I have said that if I had to change my accent, I'd rather not act. Still, I tried to be agreeable and I made great concessions in 'Nancy Lee,' but I'm not natural when I'm not southern, and I'm not happy. I really dislike playing those whiny rôles, and being always miserable. I had a dreadful time in that Walter play 'Just a Woman' produced by Mr. Belasco. I had the two of them to fight, and as one was a new husband, and the other a new manager, you can imagine my plight."

This was a dilemma. How to keep Friend Husband and Friend Manager good at the same time, might have taxed any nice girl's ingenuity.

"You think it is all so easy, and interesting?" she went on rather quaintly. "At least, you may not do so, but the public does. You've seen my name in black letters as a star, and you say 'She's settled.' Not a bit. I don't feel settled a bit. I'll take anything in the way of work that anybody offers me, and be glad of it. That's the kind of 'star' I am."

Miss Walker was surely a new brand of star to Yours Truly. Of course, she should have told me that she was "considering offers"



"I want plays that inspire thought—that have a literary value"



"I still have one perfectly good side to my face"

from every manager in town, and couldn't quite make up her mind which to accept. But this was not Charlotte Walker's pose. In fact, she had no pose, that I could discover—and as a pose-expert, I consider myself A-1.

"Did you like your work in the movies?" I asked to change the topic. But it didn't change it.

"I liked the work because it was work," she answered. "I happened to need money. I always happen to need money, because I have two daughters to bring up, and I don't want them to have careers. That may sound strange, but I do not believe (Concluded on page 31)

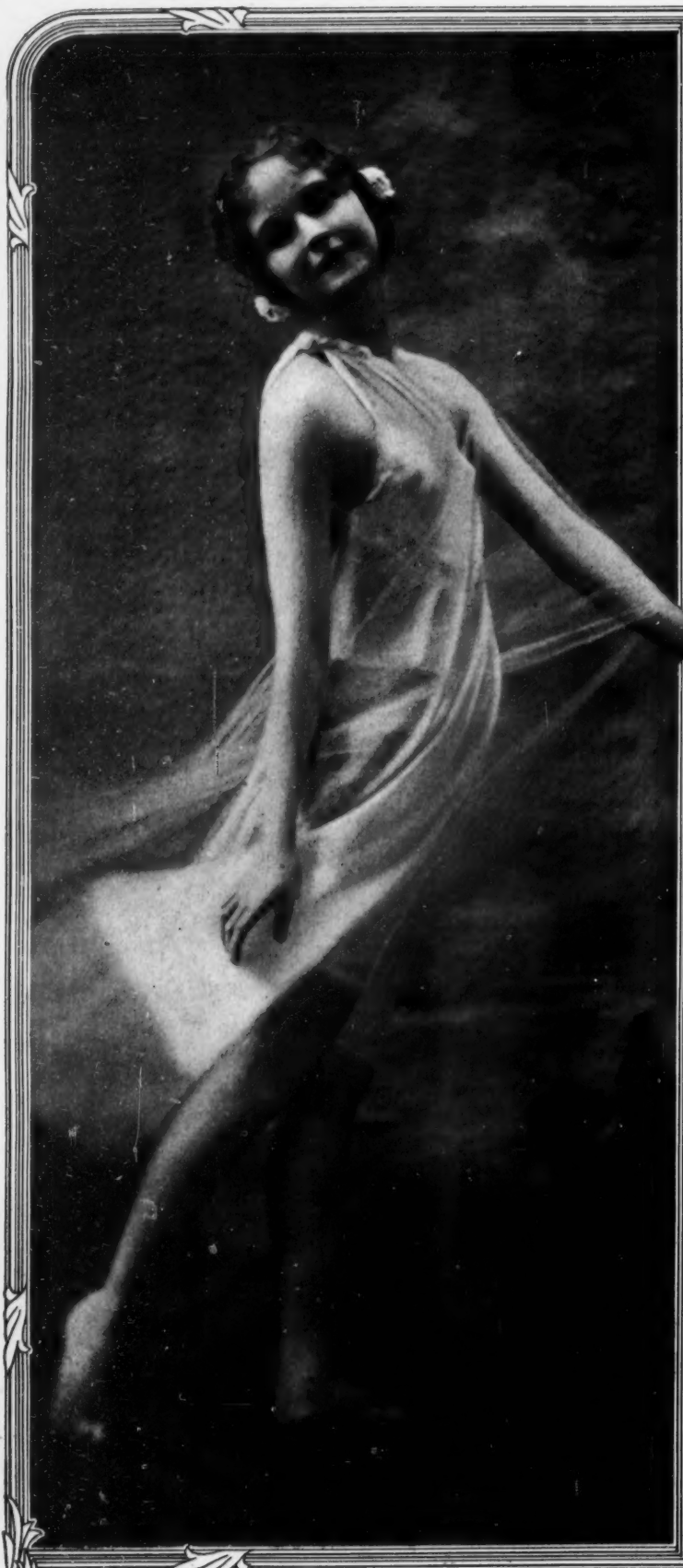


Photo by Ira L. Hill



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

## Four of the Many Reasons Why New

### FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

Otherwise Miss Florence Andrews, a pupil of Ruth St. Denis, who is dancing her way to a big hit in Raymond Hitchcock's "Hitchy-Koo, 1918," destined for a long stay at the Globe.

### MARILYNN MILLER

In his new "Follies," Florenz Ziegfeld has banned the use of artificial make-up on the part of the company. Miss Miller is one of the beauties unadorned, and really she doesn't need it.





Photo by White



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

## New York Is a Great Summer Resort

### ADA MAY WEEKS

*Who succeeded the young lady on her right in "Fancy Free," and is adding nightly to the vivacity of that sprightly comedy in which Clifton Crawford stars, holding forth at the Bijou.*

### FAY BAINTER

*And who may not be pardoned a certain burglarious impulse when this charming comédienne brings her wiles into play in the "Kiss Burglar," now at the George M. Cohan Theatre?*

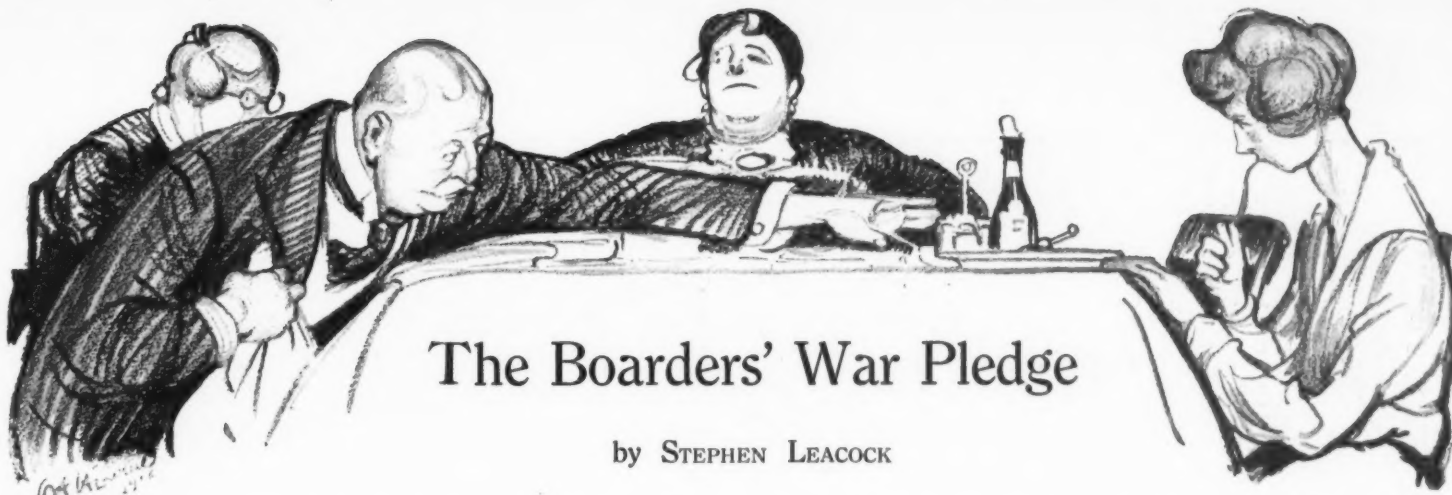


## Treed!

*This is the very latest thing in serenades. First induce the young lady of your choice to mount a convenient limb, and then pipe as Pan himself never piped. Perhaps she'll come down—who knows?*

*Photo by Maurice Goldberg*





## The Boarders' War Pledge

by STEPHEN LEACOCK

**N**EARLY three months ago it was announced semi-officially in the daily press that the Government was about to circulate a *Boarders' Pledge* to be directed against extravagance and waste, and to be signed by all patriotic persons living in boarding houses. A good deal of surprise has been expressed, semi-publicly, at the non-appearance of the proposed pledge. We learn from Washington that the delay has been occasioned by the great difficulty in drawing up a suitable form of pledge. We are glad to announce that the following Pledge, specially offered by PUCK, has been accepted as the official form of self-denial to be recommended to all persons living, or half living, in boarding houses.

1. I hereby pledge myself to be content at table with those things, and those things only, which I can reach, either with one hand or both, either sitting or with one knee, but one only, on the table, in fair catch-as-catch-can, Græco-Roman style, but without the use of undue force, blows or concealed weapons.

2. I pledge myself not to throw macaroni or spaghetti in double handfuls to the cat, nor to give the war bread to my dog.



"Nor to give war-bread to my dog."

3. I pledge myself whenever we have spring asparagus not to throw it about the room, nor to fill my pockets with it, but to content myself with

such and so much of it as I can eat and hold at one sitting and no more.

4. I pledge myself whenever and howsoever we have spring or other strawberries not to put them in my soup, nor to smear them in my hair, nor to laugh hysterically at the sight of them, but to content myself with those and those only that I can secure under clause 1 above.



"I pledge myself not to stuff my pockets with asparagus."

5. I pledge myself, while the war lasts in this boarding house, not to use partridge, terrapin, wild duck or green turtle in any form, either at the table, or under it.

6. I pledge myself that whenever and whensoever we have lobster Newburg in our boarding house, I will not strike or push or bite, nor in any way jostle myself toward the dish, but will content myself with such part of it and such only as comes to me by a fair and even division made after a general vote.

7. In view of the recommendations of the Food Controller, I hereby pledge myself to eat oats every morning, either rolled, ground or stamped as the case may be, and I write myself down herewith for one fair gallon, measured level to the brim, each day. Such oats as I do not eat I pledge myself to



take to my office in my pocket, and to eat it or them, during the pauses of my work.

8. In order to maintain as far as is in my power the export of bacon to our troops, I hereby bind myself that if bacon appears (otherwise than in a dream) upon our table, I will at once rise and retire to my room and lock the door till it is taken away.

9. I pledge myself on request to eat all or any non-exportable vegetable products to include turnips, parsnips, burdock, mangel-wurzels, elm-root, tan-bark, hickory-nuts, acorns, peanuts, red-peppers and any other health-giving nitrogenous ultra-ferruginous foods which our soldiers refuse to touch.

10. From this day forth I give up mushrooms and *pâté de foie gras*.

11. Reckoning from noon today I will not drink champagne at my meals.

12. I pledge myself, finally and generally, not to pour the Worcestershire sauce over my porridge, nor to put the green peas down the ventilator; not

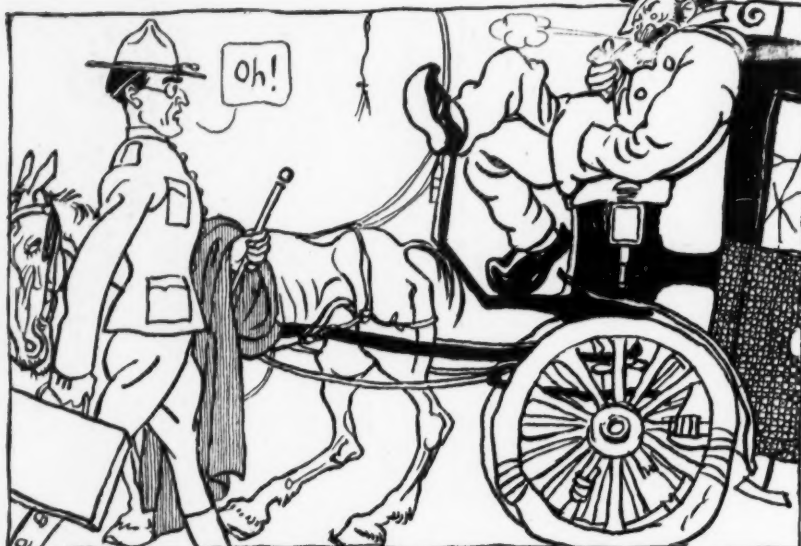


"Not to throw macaroni at the cat."

to eat up the horseradish with my soup spoon; not to carry away the Bengal Chutney and bury it, nor to remove and take away any oranges, grapes, or other fruit except such as I secure in fair hand-to-hand action after the whistle blows.

# Uncensored Extracts from Sammy's First Letter Home

by G. PAVIS, of Paris



"The tanks of our Allies are formidable affairs, commanded by men of indomitable nerve, whose utter disregard of life and limb in charging has long compelled the admiration of all Europe. The enemy has a wholesome fear of these engines of war."



"Second only to the daring of the men in the front line, is the resourcefulness of the quartermaster's corps. The commissariat demands, and receives, the respect due its importance."



"The smoke barrage I have found very troublesome, being of a heavy, humid and well nigh impenetrable consistency."



"Reconnaissance after nightfall is attended by hair-raising experiences. The enemy takes every advantage of darkness to obstruct important roadways with impassable barriers."

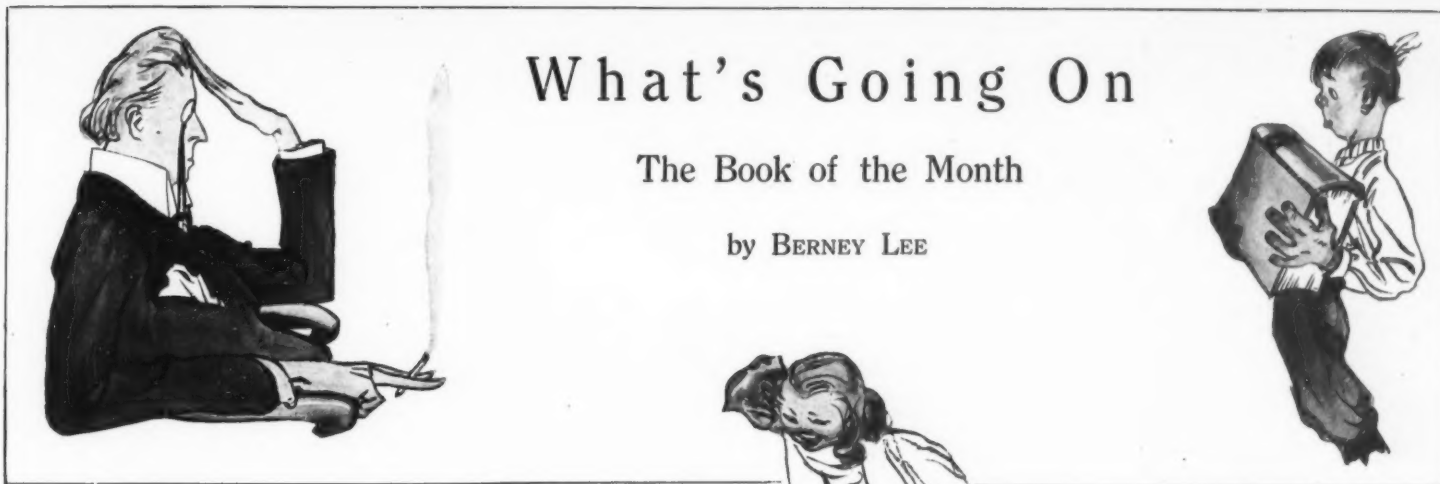


"Even the lighter moments of warfare are marked by a certain solemnity of purpose which speaks volumes for the morale of our men."



"Supported on either flank by the flower of France, I feel that I can face any onslaught without the thought of retreat or the relinquishment of ground already gained."





THE time having come for our monthly review of the latest book we asked our new office boy—his predecessor had recently been drafted—what had become of the pile of books that had been accumulating upon our desk. He informed us that the janitor had taken them home. He volunteered to telephone to the janitor to bring them back. A book reviewer cannot afford to waste time. We told him to snoop around the office and bring us the first book he could lay his hands on. We shall deal with the janitor later. The boy brought us "Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language, Thoroughly Revised and Much Enlarged, with a Voluminous Appendix, to which is Now Added a Supplement



spicuous place in this volume. It would be an insult to the reader's intelligence to reprint the definition of this word. In this country, as everyone knows, it is almost a household word. The wonder is, however, that in these war times, they are still doing business. There is also the word "coleopterist." That is a person who knows all about coleoptera.

One word in this book which will appeal to everyone is "flabile." It is defined as "liable to be blown about." Who is there among us who hasn't a friend liable to blow about something? From the fisherman who tells you about the 90-pound trout that got away to the second lieutenant on a three days' furlough who met one of the Winter Garden girls—oh, the flability of mankind! It is derived from the Latin

It is a book which cannot be read hastily. You have to browse through it, wandering idly from word to word and lingering only where fancy arrests your attention. We turn the pages idly in the hope that we may come to the word "mezumeh," wondering whether the book will give us a definition of the epithet which might help us to accumulate the material which it is supposed to define. We look in vain. Neither the book itself nor its Supplement of Twenty-Five Thousand Words and Phrases so much as mentions it. Which proves so clearly that human endeavor and the forces of nature keep miles ahead of our system of nomenclature. The nearest approach to it which the dictionary contains is the word "Mezuzoth," which is defined as a piece of parchment bearing the Decalogue and attached to the door-post. Well—it's near enough.

The word coleoptera occupies quite a con-



"A diploma which underlakers may legally recognize."

of Twenty-Five Thousand Words and Phrases."

This book may safely be recommended to the young. It can do them no possible harm and may contribute to their amusement. Grown people will probably derive but little benefit from it. Grown people, as a rule, know all that they want to know. The dictionary, to be sure, covers a multitude of sins. But—we may even ask it in a clarion voice—BUT—where else does virtue get such a chance for its white alley?



"The ancient Egyptians were able to get away with it."



"We have . . . looked at pictures that have ripened too soon."

flabilis. The inventor of the word is dead.

It would be impossible in this short review to convey an adequate idea of the vast scope of this volume. It extends from A to Zythum. The word A is used by a great many people many times each day. It is also used at night. Thus: "I'll take A card," or, "Sir, I'll call A cop!" or "Let's have A nother." It is one of the most convenient words in the language but rarely gets any credit for it. Zythum is not used so often. It is the name of a beverage made of malt and wheat by the (Concluded on page 31)

"Oh, Father Neptune, What We  
Know About You!"

Photos © by Evans

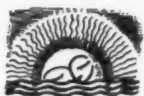
*This fair disciple of  
Isaak Walton, of  
Piscatorial Film fame,  
seems to be using a  
very heavy rod—*

*—for such a little fish.  
But who wouldn't trade  
places with the fish?*

*No, we cannot print road direc-  
tions for reaching this par-  
ticular swimming pool. In  
the first place, it is on the  
Pacific coast, and, more-  
over, we shrewdly suspect  
that these young ladies of  
the movies have pre-empted  
it for the summer season.*







# The Morning Smile



Edited by WEX JONES.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1918

## Summer

A frog  
In a pool  
Is always  
Cool:

I think  
It's just cool  
I'm no frog  
In a pool.

## Natural History Notes

AT the suggestion of a celebrated editor, several gnus are about to form a gnu's service.

The willimoloo bird is so unprogressive that it flies backwards.

To illustrate nature's waste of effort—the giraffe has been given an extremely long neck and then allowed to live in a bone-dry country.

## In the SMILE'S Letter Box

To the Editor—A legal friend of mine told me that poker winnings were part of my income. I told him he was wrong a mile. They are part of my wife's income.

THOMAS CHICLET.

P. S. But when I lose it's all mine.

To the Editor—I see that the Germans want to have a new name for Americans. What will it be—Kamerad? PETER J. SMITH.

To the Editor—I have a corn on one of my feet. Is this unusual?

ESSIE T.

[No. It would be unusual, however, if the same corn were on both your feet. ED.]

To the Editor—I have discovered an easy way to write first-class poetry. Instead of writing a line and then fussing around for a rhyme, I pick out good rhymes and then write words in front of them. Suppose I pick out perfect rhymes like—

..... fair  
..... pair  
It's easy to fill in—

He was dark; she was fair;  
They made a very handsome pair.

or I might go on—

A shower came up, though the paper said "Fair,"  
And heavens, the language was used by that pair!

It's simple when you know how.  
YOUNG SHELLEY.

[ED. NOTE—Simple is right.]



A Refreshing Picture Sent Us Yesterday by Our Correspondent in Terra del Fuego

## English as She Is Wrote

*Phrases which have been improved upon by our beyond-the-minute young authors*

ONCE—She swept the room with her glance.

NOW—She vacuum-cleaned the room with her glance.

ONCE—His heart fell.

NOW—His heart nose-dived.

ONCE—Her heart beat like a frightened bird.

NOW—Her heart beat like a pneumatic riveter.

ONCE—Something seemed to burst in his brain.

NOW—A depth-charge exploded in his brain.

## Jots and Tittles

GERMANY is helping out Austria with food, having recently shipped five carloads of eggs to Vienna. 'Twould be mere cavilling to mention that the eggs had been pronounced unfit for human consumption.

A whale hates like the mischief to be mistaken for a submarine, especially when the mistake is made by an armed ship.

Opportunity is always calling—on the other fellow.

If the former Czar goes to Switzerland, he and Constantine—late of Greece—will have a bully time roasting their wives for kicking their thrones from under them.

## The New Manager

Read This Stirring Story of Business and You May Get Some Idea of Why the Tired Business Man Is Tired

THE door of Hector McStewart's private office was flung open and a brisk young man stood in the doorway. Behind this figure Mr. McStewart could discern an overturned typewriter desk and the prostrate forms of two office boys.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the elderly financier.

"It means," responded the brisk young man, "that you have a new manager—yours truly, James Griffin."

"This is——"

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Griffin, "it's a little unusual, but I'm no ordinary guy. You're absolutely useless as a business man, and it will take me some time to set you right. First, however, I'll start with the office," and Mr. Griffin turned back to the room he had just left.

"You're fired," he snapped at the two office boys. "You're fired for letting me into the owner's room against his orders."

"But you knocked us down," protested one of the boys.

"Efficiency recognizes no excuses," replied Mr. Griffin; "out you go."

"What are all those papers doing on your desk?" he asked, turning to the stenographer. "Don't you know desks should be kept clean?"

"Those are Mr. McStewart's—" began the stenographer in startled tones, but Mr. Griffin had torn up every document and thrown the pieces in a waste-basket.

"Now—I'll throw out all those fool file cases," said Mr. Griffin, but just then he was grabbed from behind by the cop for whom Mr. McStewart had telephoned.

"My goodness," said Mr. McStewart to himself, "I wish they'd stop printing stuff like 'How I Jammed Myself Into a Job' and 'Showing the Old Man Where He Gets Off.' Now, I shall have to go to a musical comedy this evening."

## A Letter

Dear Sir,  
Of all the slogans ever called,  
"Swat the fly!" is best,  
Yours truly,  
BALD.

## Did You—or Didn't You—Know That

A MEXICAN dollar is worth only 50 cents and a Lima bean even less?

On the other hand, a bean is always worth a buck?

Mice take little, if any, interest in aviation?

A canary doesn't give a whoop whether you cry "Encore!" or not?

A nifty way of showing that you don't care about the heat is to stay out until you get Sunstroke?

Lots of men who never heard of psycho-analysis can analyse the box score for you?

Pie is not a necessity of life, except in New England?

Few industries are essential; that is, besides our own?

The sloth hangs upside down, thus giving a hint as to what should be done with the enlarged photograph of grandpop.

## Classified Advertisements

SALE OR EXCHANGE—Valuable library, containing first—and only—editions of "How to Tell a Door-knob from a Doughnut," "How to Tell the Birds," "How to Tell the Bugs—to go to Gehenna," "How to Tell Bunk from Junk," and many other valuable educational works.—PROFESSOR, Smile office.

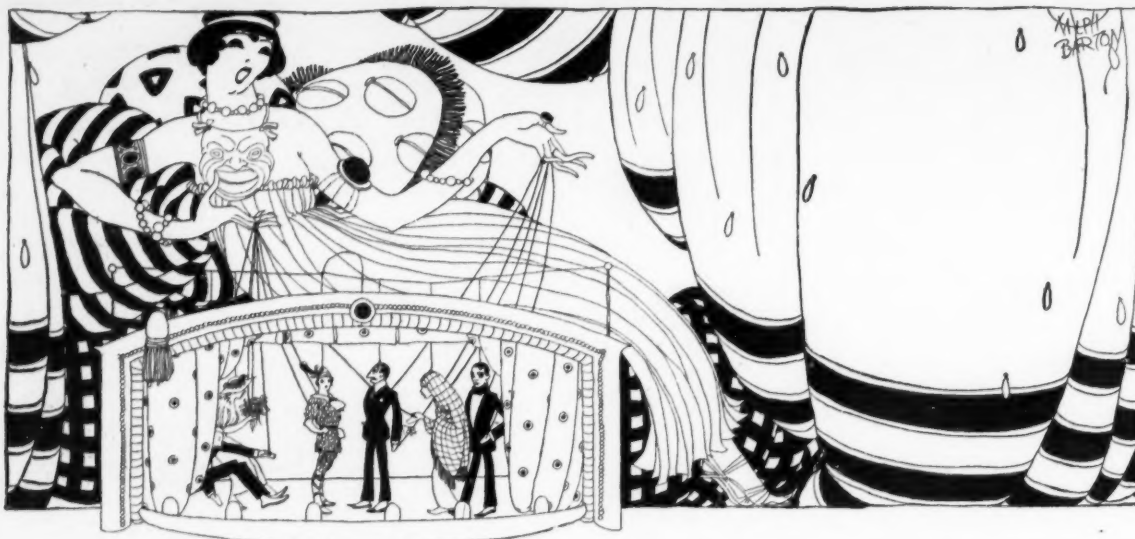
SALE OR EXCHANGE—Cheerless 8, touring. Driven only one mile—over the Palisades. Want a bent hairpin, or what have you. BOX 17, Fort Lee.

DOGS, CATS, ETC.—Will exchange dog, fond of cats, for cat, fond of dogs. BOX 1.

HELP WANTED—Help of all kinds. Apply at once. Palace, Potsdam. Ask for Mr. Hohenzollern.

TO LET—Vacancy in desirable lobster pot for lobster with references. Minors need not apply. FISHERMAN, Far Rockaway.

WANTED—Phonograph records of all kinds wanted for Clams' Social Club.—MUD FLATS, Lower Bay.



## A Brief History of the American Stage

During the Period Between the Years Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-five and Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen, Anno Domini

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

**B**ETWEEN the years 1895 and 1918 A. D. there have been produced on the American stage 5,782 plays. Herewith is presented the first complete statistical record of the philosophies and phenomena contained in these plays and in the productions thereof, and in such form that students of the theatre may, without difficulty and Brander Matthews, gain a concise and comprehensive survey of the most important period in our native drama:

I. In these 5,782 plays, 178 persons who once committed crimes have been vindictively pursued by detectives and have been eventually let off when the detectives have had their hearts touched by coming into rooms accidentally and beholding the culprits' small daughters kneeling beside their beds and praying dear Dod not to let their dear mamas (or papas, as the case may have been) be so sad no more.

II. In these 5,782 plays, 582 actors have expressed meditation by throwing back their heads, closing their eyes and opening their mouths.

III. In 288 of the plays, amorous villains have locked virtuous heroines in a room and have then proceeded to chase them around the table.

IV. In the 5,782 plays, 306 convicts have been saved from the electric chair at the last moment by the Governor's pardon, obtained in 54 cases by their seven-year-old daughters, in 41 cases by their devoted wives who have never lost faith in their innocence—and in the remaining 11 cases through the discovery that the dead man was not murdered at all, but died from the blow suffered when, upon hearing that Jim Blake was still alive and in New York at the moment, he fell in his library and hit the back of his head on the brass railing around the fireplace.

V. Eight hundred and seven romantic heroes have with a grand flourish drawn forth their swords and subsequently experienced a devil of a time trying to stick them back into their scabbards.

VI. In the 5,782 plays, actors have mispronounced a grand total of 228,693 words.

VII. In 280 plays, the villains have covertly taken the heroes' revolvers off the table and have subsequently threatened the heroes with them, only to be laughed at by the heroes who had exercised the precaution of removing the cartridges.

VIII. In the 5,782 plays, one actress (on Janu-

ary 15, 1899), playing the rôle of a starved and ragged outcast of the slums, remembered before coming out on the stage to remove the high gloss from her finger-nails.

IX. In 64 of the plays, breezy *jeunes premiers* have come into drawing-rooms carrying tennis rackets.

X. Three hundred and eight plays, the first two acts of which have been laid in New York, have in the third act ended up in a little cottage in the country all covered with pink roses.

XI. In 74 of the plays, rich bachelor brothers have returned from British East Africa to learn of the estrangement of their married sisters and their husbands, and have patched up the affairs of the couples by persuading the widows who have been making all the trouble to come to their chambers for late suppers and there informing them that unless they left London at once the circumstances whereby they got the 2,000 pounds from a certain Lord X would be revealed. The late suppers, in each case, have consisted of something in a *terrine*.

XII. In 737 plays, prim old maids have become instantaneously soused after drinking one cocktail.

XIII. In 250 of the plays, the comic character, upon being offered a cigar from the humidor, has taken one and put it in his mouth and has then reached back for a handful and stuck them into his pocket.

XIV. Five hundred and twenty-one husbands have lost their wives' love by devoting too much time to business.

XV. In the 5,782 plays there has never been an Englishman who has worn his hair pompadour.

XVI. In 34 plays, a young husband who has

been separated from his wife through a misunderstanding calls on the latter on her birthday and, telling her that his rich uncle from Peru is about to arrive for a short visit, urges that she act during that time as if nothing had happened between them, that the rich uncle may thus be kept in ignorance of their estrangement. The wife agrees and the subsequent pretence of the young people leads to their final happy reunion.

XVII. In 6 plays, Lieutenant Phil Carter, whom Virginia Calhoun loves, is discovered to be a Northern spy. When Carter's old chum, Captain Herbert Ware, C. S. A., who has loved Virginia since she was a little girl, finds out that she loves Carter and not himself, he borrows Carter's uniform, take his place and goes out to be shot in his stead. But just as one hears in the wings the command to fire, news comes that Lee has surrendered.

XVIII. In 304 plays, the heroine has shrunk from the hero with the words "And you believe that of me!"

XIX. Seventy-nine elder sisters have saved their rash younger sisters' reputations by hiding behind the portière in bachelor apartments and stepping forth to take the blame when the younger sisters' husbands have put in an appearance.

XX. Four hundred and thirty-nine middle-aged bachelors have fallen in love with their wards.

XXI. Six hundred and sixty-nine doubting heroes have looked into heroines' eyes and seen the truth there.

XXII. Captain Greville Sartoris, with the connivance of Madame Petoski, the Russian adventuress, has on 14 different occasions tried to prevent Bluebell from winning the Derby.

XXIII. Eighteen heroes have owned sheep ranches in Rhodesia and 31 have owned ranches of various kinds in Australia.

XXIV. In the 5,782 plays, the roads over which horsemen have ridden have been invariably very dusty.

XXV. In no play during the period under consideration has a miner ever worn a necktie.

XXVI. By way of getting a dramatic effect, 410 wineglasses, 681 window-panes, the panels of 204 doors, 87 lamps and 138 chairs have been smashed.

XXVII. Eight hundred and twenty-six rich girls have taken menial jobs in pique.





XXVIII. Before appearing, 314 heroines have been announced by the other characters to be great beauties and, upon entering, have been disclosed to be extraordinary pie-faces.

XXIX. In 8 plays, Horace Jamison anticipates fame through the production of his opera. Horace is in love with Mignon Tremaine, a famous prima donna, who is due to sing the leading rôle in an opera by Jamison's rival, Paul Chilworth. The latter is also a suitor for the Tremaine hand. It is discovered at the last moment that Paul has stolen Horace's manuscript. Upon learning of Paul's treachery, Mignon hurries to Horace's attic studio and, finding him bent grief-stricken over a table with his head buried in his arms, lifts up his head and draws his lips to hers.

XXX. Thirty-two heroines have been led to believe that their marriages were not legal.

XXXI. A grand total of 974 pearl necklaces have been stolen.

XXXII. One hundred and forty plays contained the line, "Dear God! If I had only known ere it was too late!"

XXXIII. Apparently worthless inventions have turned out to be worth a total of \$7,460,000.

XXXIV. There has never been revealed a country school-teacher who hasn't had one awful time of it.

XXXV. Two hundred and forty-one jilted men have taken the heroine's hand and, in voices choked with emotion, have said: "If ever you need anything, little girl, remember there'll be a man out there in the great Western country who'll have your picture in his heart forever and who would deem it a privilege to lay down his very life for you."

XXXVI. In the 5,782 plays, 718 heroes have been named Hal.

XXXVII. Fifty-four English heroes, several years before, have single-handed quelled uprisings and mutinies in India.

## A History of the American Stage

(Continued from opposite page)

XXXVIII. The second acts of 482 English plays have been laid in Hugh Arbuthnot's rooms in Grosvenor Square.

XXXIX. Three hundred and four heroines have left incriminating gloves in Jephtho Fitzmaurice's rooms.

XL. Twenty-seven Comtes have re-fallen in love with their wives.

XLI. Twenty letters saying "Yes" and mailed by women to their suitors have got stuck in the post-box and have failed to reach their destination.

XLII. Nine Japanese girls have been deserted by American naval lieutenants.

XLIII. Sixteen heroines have been informed by villains that their mothers were octoroons.

XLIV. The trunks of 72 big oak trees, the walls of 49 houses, 18 street lamp-posts, 34 marble columns and 3 mountains have bent in at the middle when an actor, upon receiving news that all has been discovered, has leaned against them for support.

XLVI. In 29 plays, the purely platonic relations existing between Sir Geoffrey Blaine and his wife have been rectified upon the wife's learning that her husband has not been guilty of dereliction with Lady Carminster but has permitted himself to rest under the cloud of suspicion merely that Hubert, Lady Blaine's youngest brother, might be saved.

XLVII. In 17 plays, Jim Tracy, cashier of Caruthers and Company, is in love with Grace Caruthers, the senior partner's daughter. Martin St. Clair, the junior partner, is also in love with Miss Grace. Deeply in debt and in the toils of a woman he has ruined and deserted, St. Clair robs the company's safe of \$10,000. Jim Tracy is accused of the crime and, through St. Clair's sinis-

ter machinations, convicted and sent to Sing Sing. Through Miss Grace's efforts he is finally cleared of disgrace and the curtain falls as the unmasked St. Clair, trying to make his escape from the Caruthers' drawing-room, is confronted by Chief of Police Murphy and two scene-shifters dressed up as cops.

XLVIII. There have been 457 military plays, in 453 of which the enemy has with wild alarums been announced to be on the point of crossing the river.

XLIX. Eight hundred and twenty-two actresses have nonchalantly lighted a cigarette, taken a puff, recited the line allotted to them and have then put the cigarette back in their mouths and found that it was gone out.

L. All grizzled veterans of the Civil War are revealed, without exception, to have been wounded in the leg.

LI. Two hundred and forty-four men have learned of their financial ruin in the midst of elaborate parties given by their wives.

LII. Fifty-eight heroines have been brought up in remote lighthouses and until their eighteenth birthday have never laid eyes on a man save religious old Peter, the keeper of the light.

LIII. One hundred and ninety-four wives have followed their husbands to mask balls and by pretending to be Fifi L'Etoile, the gay danseuse from the Folies Bergère, have fooled their husbands into making violent love to them.

LIV. Eighteen angels have become tangled up in each other's wires.

LV. The knees of 2,654 actresses, upon stooping to pick up the incriminating letter addressed in their husband's handwriting to the dubious Mrs. Venable, have given forth audible cracks.

LVI. In the 5,782 plays, the total cost of telephone calls, estimated at ten cents the call, was approximately \$100,000 over the amount of the last Liberty Loan.



Another Hun Atrocity!

"Confound them Boches, now I've got to do the whole wash over."



"I planted sweet peas in there, Bill, an' doggone if it hasn't come up poison ivy."  
"You used the wrong kind of a flower-pot, old pal."

# Soft Answers to

Conducted by

I HAVE a complete set in bound volumes of the Congressional Record, the City Record of New York and the Washington Patent Office Reports. What should I get for them?

ATTICUS.

Not less than ten years, with possibly a week off for good behavior.

At what age may a young widow properly receive attentions from gentlemen? TRIXIE.

Please send address, not necessarily for publication, but merely as a guarantee of good faith.

Has it ever been figured out how much better time Paul Revere might have made with a motor cycle? SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

No. Figure it out for yourself. And you might also figure out how much faster Eve might have eaten the apple had it been baked.

What was the tune which Nero fiddled while watching the Roman conflagration? MARCUS AURELIUS.

"Keep the Rome Fires Burning." Come again, Marcus.

By whom, if you please, were hat-racks first invented? CHIPPENDALE.

The first hat-rack was invented by a desperate man with nine unmarried daughters. He also invented the door-mat with "Welcome" on it.

What is the chief ingredient of gumbo soup? HOUSEKEEPER.

Gumbo was the name of Barnum's biggest elephant, which died in the late eighties. In the Congo, Gumbo soup is known as Potage Pachyderm.

Can you inform me if it is true that Chinese typewriters have 3,000 characters? REMINGTON.

We employ only American help, and have had no means of judging.

Can you give me the whereabouts of Tunbridge Wells? It is in England, is it not? CLASSIC SHADES.

You are doubtless thinking of Bombardier Wells, the heavyweight champion of England. At last accounts, however, he was in France.

Does history state whether or not there was a King of Sheba? SOLOMON, JR.

Yes; Henpeck the First. His, however, was a very limited monarchy.

How did the oyster acquire its trait of being dumb, or, as some say, mum? SYMPATHY.

From its presence at Oyster Bay. Some one else there made so much noise that the oyster could not get a word in edgewise, and finally quit trying.

What is the origin of the term, Round Robin? I have been told that it is not a bird. NATURE STUDY.

It is not. A Round Robin is usually started by a bug of some sort.

How are spaghetti workers paid? That is, I mean on what basis? RED INK.

They work first "on space." Then, as soon as they begin to make a little money, the office puts them on salary.



In playing Bridge, if the lady on my left is talking theaters and the lady opposite me is talking clothes, what should I lead?

NO TRUMP.

Lead your fourth best story, if it may safely be told in a drawing-room.

Was a battle ever fought at Waterloo in Belgium? RUMOR.

Not as we understand the term. There was, we believe, a trifling skirmish there in the summer of 1815.

Is there any material difference between a Russian Soviet and a Russian Samovar? COLLECTOR.

Very little; with the exception that a Soviet is quicker to boil over.

What great American was born November 22, 1877? WHO'S WHO.

How did you guess our birthday?

To decide a bet, was Washington's home at Mount Vernon, New York, or Mount Vernon, Virginia? PIKER.

Please be more explicit. Do you have reference to George or Booker?

I have a London Telephone Directory for the year 1437. Has it any value? BOOK WORM.

It has. If it is in good condition, we shall be glad to take it in exchange for our Blue Book of Sedan-Chair Owners (New York, 1918).

Are Port and Starboard still used to designate the left and right side respectively of a ship? YO-HO-HO.

No. The present designations are Grapejuice and Starboard.

When Yankee Doodle stuck a feather in his cap, why did he call it macaroni? OLD COLONY.

Authorities differ, but the most reasonable supposition is that he did it to catch the Italian vote.



# Hard Questions

A. H. FOLWELL

Where can I get a copy of "the great American novel?" I understand it has been written. OCCASIONAL READER.

Any American novelist will gladly give you a letter to his publisher.

When Elijah was fed by ravens in the desert, is it on record whether they brought drink as well as food to him? OLD STUFF.

Think, man, think! Doesn't a bottle always come with a bird?

Where can I get a pocket edition of Shakespeare's Complete Works? That is, if one is published. GENTLE READER.

Oh, certainly; such a one is published, with handy methods of reckoning interest in the front and blank pages for memoranda in the back. But why don't you buy yourself a match-box edition? In that, the type is clearer.

Who, or what, were Venus and Adonis? Were they both stars? EAGER.

Yes and no. Adonis was a star, but Venus was, and is, a planet. Adonis's full name was Adonis Terry. He pitched for the Brooklyn back in 1890.

When old time poets wrote verses entitled, "To —," whom did they have in mind? LITERATURE.

Their wives asked this question many times, and never got any wiser than you will be.

A bets B that an automat is a restaurant. B says no; that an automat is a rug. Which, to get it over quick, is right? A'S KEEPER.

Auto comes from the Greek word, autos, meaning self-operating. An automat is a rug that runs itself. Give A and B an opiate on us.

By whom was the term "bonehead" first used? CLARENCE.

By prehistoric man. This was some centuries before the discovery of solid ivory.

When did the Dismal Swamp get its name? CURIOUS.

When the South went "dry." At the present price of print paper, don't ask us easy ones.

I am a direct descendant of one of the Indians who sold Manhattan Island for \$24, but our family has run through its money and is now poor. What line of business would you advise me to enter? MANHATTAN.

With your inherited financial bent, we should think you would make a good buyer of wooden money.

What President of the United States was known as the Hair-Splitter, or am I mixed? NICKNAME.

You probably are. Aren't you thinking of Delilah, the lady who split Samson's hair for him?

Can you tell me the name of the artist who painted the picture called "Sunset"? A friend says it was painted by the same man who did "Evening" and "A Study." Can you tell me? ART PATRON.

Surely we can. But, first, you tell us the name of the retail grocer who has on his wagon, "Teas, Coffees and Spices."





### The String to It

"For Heaven's sake, brace up. You ought to be proud that you're going to have a medal pinned on you by the French general."

"I know, Bill, but I feel it in my bones that he's goin' to kiss me."

#### Not to be Balked

CLARICE possesses a hat of which she is inordinately proud. Originally a small hat, the owner increased its proportions materially by the addition of willow plumes attached to wire backbones.

She wore this hat to the theatre not long ago; as she leaned back gracefully and complacently in her chair, she felt a gentle tugging at the afore-said hat from behind.

So she turned and said to a self-possessed young man in the seat back of her, "Does my hat annoy you?"

"Not at all," said the young man.

She thought it over awhile, and it occurred to her that perhaps she had been ungracious. Accordingly she turned again, this time with the query:

"Perhaps the plumes interfere with your view of the stage?"

"At first they did," said the young man, "but I bent 'em down."

#### Had Her Own

"Maude, can you be trusted with a secret?"

"You have known me for ten years, haven't you, Reginald?"

"Yes."

"Do you know how old I am?"

#### Anything to Oblige

An old grouch points out that, in divorcing a fool and his money, the greater part of the population are quite willing to be named as respondents.

#### Sour Grapes?

MISS DUDLEY was a spinster, known throughout the surrounding country for her charities. One day, she entertained a number of little girls from a nearby charitable institution. After luncheon, the children were shown through the place that they might see and enjoy the many beautiful things it contained.

"This," explained the spinster, indicating a fine statue, "is Minerva."

"Was Minerva married?" asked one of the little girls.

"No, my child," replied the spinster with a smile, "Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom."

#### Candid

OFFICER MURPHY was new on the force, and one morning was called up on the carpet.

"Did you notice any suspicious characters about the neighborhood last night?" asked the Chief.

"No, sor," replied Murphy. "I saw but one man, and I asked him what he was doing there at that time of night? Sez he, 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store in this vicinity later on.' At that, sor, I says, 'I wish you success, sor.'"

"Yes," said the Chief, in a disgusted tone, "and he did open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on, and stole twenty-five watches and thirty diamond rings."

"Begorra, then," cried Murphy, "the man may have been a thafe, but no one could call him a liar!"



TANTY

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| Rouge for the Lips (Light, dark or pomade).....35c              | Lotion Vegetale (Lilas, Violette, Jasmin, Muguet).....\$1.00          |

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PARIS

## Just One Thing After Another



### Thankfully Received

A YOUNG fellow in a San Francisco street car stooped, picked up a coin from the floor, examined it attentively, and then called out in a loud voice:

"Has anybody lost a five-dollar gold piece?"

Instantly a solemn man at the other end of the car strode forward.

"Yes, I've lost a five-dollar gold piece," he said, eagerly, holding out his hand.

"Well," said the young man, giving him the coin, "I am sorry for you. Here's five cents toward making good your loss."

### My Ambition

I know what it's like at the circus;  
I know what it's like in the church;  
But I have aspiration  
For just one sensation,  
I want to be left in the lurch.

Of course, I know nothing about it,  
Yet its mysteries gladly I'd face;  
For it seems to me, rather,  
From what I can gather,  
The lurch is a wonderful place.

I've had fearsome hints of its terrors,  
Mysterious rumors float 'round,  
That give me a shiver  
Like Lethe's dark river,  
But I'll fathom it yet, I'll be bound!

Though so far my quest has been  
fruitless,

I'll never desist from my search;  
I'll make my escape  
From a pickle or scrape,  
But I *now* I'll be left in the lurch!

### Fixing the Time

HOWELL: Do I owe you five dollars?

POWELL: Yes; you borrowed it before I was married.

HOWELL: How are you so sure as to the time?

POWELL: Because I haven't had five dollars since I was married.

### Not Guilty!

THE lines deepened around Carruthers' mouth, and a look of settled determination came over his features as he nervously toyed with the pearl-handled revolver on the table before him. (All gun-toting in the best families is done with pearl-handled revolvers.)

His evident emaciation contrasted strongly with the luxury everywhere apparent in his chambers.

"It must be done, and tonight's as good as any other time. I haven't eaten a thing in ten days."

Finally he arose, pulled a slouch hat down over his eyes, buttoned his great coat high around his throat, and strode out into the night, first slipping the weapon into his pocket.

His destination was but a short distance from his home. It was a large Georgian mansion standing in its own stately park, and the abundant shrubbery offered ample cover as he stealthily crept towards a window from which there streamed a steady light. Peering in, he noted his quarry seated under a curiously shaped lamp formed of innumerable clusters of green and yellow grapes. His features bore an idiot-like grin as he manipulated a Jew's-harp with one hand and beat upon a tympanum with the other. The weird discord upon the still air was eerie, but only served to strengthen Carruthers' determination.

Taking careful aim, he fired. The figure under the light fell forward without a sound. But unobserved, Carruthers had been followed into the grounds by an officer of the law, and a rough hand was laid upon him as he dropped the weapon into his pocket.

"You have committed murder," said a hoarse voice.

"I know it," was the resigned reply, "but that guy in there was the man who invented music with meals."

And as the officer turned his back, Carruthers fled into darkness.

A summer hotel in Wisconsin advertises: "Cuisine unexpected." Not by us, friend. We are always prepared for the worst.

### Knew His Business

TO an applicant for place as foreman, the superintendent of the gas works in an Ohio city said:

"What do you know, anyhow, about laying gas pipes in the street?"

"Well, sir," returned the applicant promptly, "I know they should never be laid until the street has just been repaved."

He got the job.

### Like a Cigar

"A play," remarked the manager, "is very much like a cigar."

"How's that?"

"If it's good," explained the manager, "everyone wants a box, and if it's bad no amount of puffing will make it draw."

Baa, Baa, Red Cross, have you any wool?

Yes, Mesdames, we have three trucks full:

Brown for the soldier and grey for the tar,

But none for the slacker who shrinks from the war.

### The Real Difficulty

"Have Mr. and Mrs. Jones compromised their matrimonial troubles yet?"

"Not quite. They agreed readily enough as to which was to have the custody of the children, but they don't seem to be able to decide which is to have the choice of the motor cars."

### Quick Work

THE BOSS: Your former employer tells me that you were the quickest clerk in his place.

THE APPLICANT (*doubtfully*): Yes, sir?

THE BOSS: He says that you could chuck the books into the safe and start for home in just a minute and ten seconds.



# A Chat with Charlotte Walker

(Concluded from page 17)

in careers for women. I don't think they should indulge in those doubtful luxuries. I think the best thing that can happen to a woman is to marry. Oh, I should hate to think of my daughters with careers."

At least it was pleasant to listen to an actress talking such delectably old-fashioned words. I hear so much about missions, and aims, and purposes, and art—oh, especially art—that Miss Walker was quite a relief. And not once during her chat was the word "art" mentioned. Not even when she spoke of bread pudding was there a *souçon* of art about it. It was nice. It is so refreshing to meet a sensible girl, even though she be on the stage. I could have talked with Miss Walker for hours, and revelled!

"Of course, I am interested in the theater, vaguely," she went on, "but I don't care to see all the plays that are produced. I honestly believe that the theater will become a pastime for the cultured later on. We shall have plays that deal with character, and dialogue, rather than with situations. Oh, I know that the public clamors for situations, and the public gets all it wants in that line with the movies. If the theater concerns itself so exclusively with situations, then it will simply be doing what the screen is doing. I want plays that inspire thought—plays that have a literary value. You understand?"

Understand? I should say I did. These are the plays that tire the Tired Business Man, and he reigns supreme—or one would think it. Just show a manager a play minus situations, and hear what he will say. It may be—I say it may be—unfit for publication.

Charlotte Walker had so many amusing things to say on the subject of plays that I hate to dismiss the subject. It interested me immensely, and—well, as everybody writes plays today, it must be universally enlivening.

"The stage is the only subject upon which my husband and I disagree," she said. "We quarrel over it, and both think differently, and never arrive at any conclusion. You are quite wrong in the idea that I sit quietly here, and wait for him to fit me with a nice part. That would be most pleasing, but it is not a fact. I am very truthful."

"Did you make the bread pudding that you are going to have for dinner tonight?" I asked. (I really wanted to know.)

"I merely inspired it," she replied with a smile. "I could make one if I tried, but I have more important work to do—not that I think the making of a good bread pudding unimportant."

I am bound to say—and I say it without egotism—that Charlotte Walker enjoyed her talk. I can al-

ways tell. You see, I had butted into her life twice, and a woman, with her prophetic vision, sees perhaps a third time.

Charlotte Walker is a very unusual person, and I don't mind telling you that it was she who actually noted my remarks on her original performance in London, as being dated in 1896. Further, I will add, that she insisted that she had not the slightest aversion to growing old.

"I still have one perfectly good side to my face," she said, "and the other isn't bad. With that, and the Marcel wave in my voice, I can still appear before the public, if the public wants me."

Personally, I love the Marcel wave in her voice, and I sincerely hope that Eugene Walter will never comb it out.

## What's Going On

(Concluded from page 23)

ancient Egyptians. It contained 10% alcohol. Knowing nothing about prohibition or Hoover the ancient Egyptians were able to get away with it. But they are nearly all dead and so is Zythum. But it must have been SOME drink!

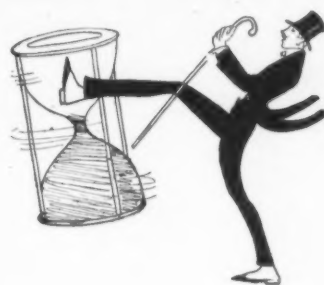
Many an odd nugget of wisdom lies hidden in the dictionary. Take, for example, the word Doctor. The first definition is "A learned man." This, however, is immediately followed by the remark that this use of the word is obsolete. A doctor no longer has to be a learned man. All he needs is a diploma which undertakers may legally recognize.

The author has gone to great pains to make his meaning clear and unmistakable. Thus, the word Sinupalliate is defined as "Having a pallial sinus." What could be simpler? If you have one, you are, but if you are without one, you couldn't be it. The man who fixed the income tax is undoubtedly sinupalliate.

Through some oversight the word Gomortegaceæ is omitted from the body of the dictionary but the author must have caught the error in reading his proofs, for the word is added in the supplement. It means "a family of dicotyledonous archichlamydeous trees, related to the Monimiaceæ." They are not related to the Lezinskys as is commonly supposed.

The collection of quotations from dead and foreign languages is a liberal education in itself. Here is where most writers and orators get the Latin phrases which make people believe they once went to college. We found one which, some day, we are going to use ourself. It is from the Italian: "Presto maturo, presto marcio" and it means, "Soon ripe, soon rotten." It is a handy quotation to know. We have seen plays and read books and listened to stories and looked at paintings and eaten food and heard speeches that must all have ripened too soon.

Taken all in all, though somewhat disjointed, it is a book worth reading.



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REMEMBER the race is not to the swift, but to the youthful.

And you can't tell age by the calendar—for a man is as old as his hair is thin.

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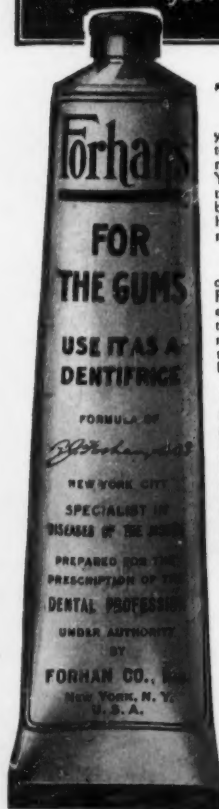
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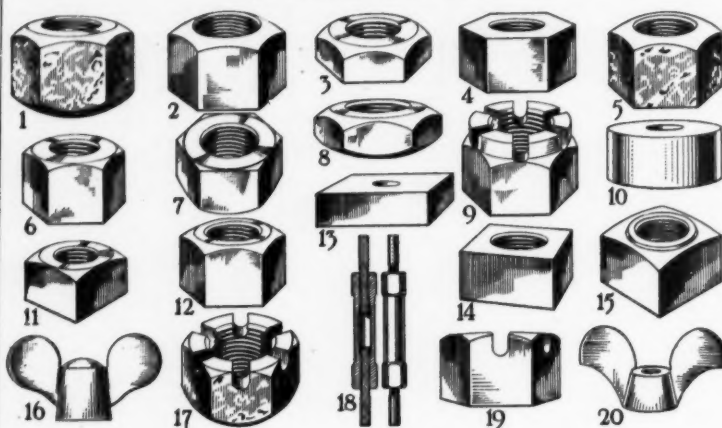
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## Portrait Group of People I Have Met

by CAROLYN WELLS



1. The lady who "reads everything I ever write, and just loves my "Mrs. Riggs of the Cabbage Patch."

2. The lady who wants to tell me the *cutest* story about her little Georgie, and *knows* I can work it into a book.

3. The young man who wants to know if I wait for inspiration or just write so much a day.

4. The lady who thinks it's so hard to find a gift for a man.

5. The man who thinks it strange there are no good short stories nowadays.

6. The lady who *never* would dream that it wasn't my own hair!

7. The lady who can't wear silk stockings because they hurt her feet.

8. The man who reads Dickens all through every year.

9. The woman who takes a cold plunge every morning.

10. The woman who says, "It's awfully hard to take four tricks in anything!"

11. The woman who doesn't know a single rule, but just plays Bridge by instinct.

12. The woman who wouldn't *think* of listening to any one else talking over her party wire!

13. The man who gives so much to the war funds that he can't subscribe to local charities.

14. The man who gives so much to local charities that he can't subscribe to the war funds.

15. The man who never kissed another girl.

16. The woman who goes to see hygienic moving picture shows from a sense of duty.

17. The amateur musician, who "never in all her life played so badly!"

18. The woman who thinks modern fashions are positively atrocious!

19. The woman who dotes on up-lift lectures because they are so broadening.

20. The woman who makes a bag out of her husband's old silk hat.



"So you let Archie kiss you last night?" asked Mabel.

"How did you know?" demanded Marion.

"He asked me this morning if I would forgive him all his temporary weaknesses."

Judging from the loud wailing over income tax blanks, it's a lot easier to make excess profits than to tell about them.

Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer. The Kaiser, in his place, would have sighed for a solar system or two.

## A Cyprus Lamp

(Continued from page 11)

and maybe, pretty soon, you'll be invited to a wedding." Rahmi gazed at him stolidly for a moment. Then,

"Did you ever notice that little girl in the candy shop down the street?" he asked. "I mean the one at the soda counter." George smiled. He was becoming used to Rahmi's fickle digressions.

"Why don't you marry and settle down?" he asked. Rahmi stared at him.

"Never go into the antiquarian business," he said. "We all die poor." Nevertheless, a few days later, after George had sold a purple chasuble to a stray customer for \$800, Rahmi handed him a fifty dollar bill.

"Buy something for your girl," he said, without a smile.

"Not on your life," cried George, enthusiastically. "That goes toward the shoe-shop."

There came a day when George was in the shop all alone. Rahmi had telephoned that he was going to Newark and would not return until evening. George was standing at a counter gazing upon the two Cyprus lamps. Despite the limits of his education there rose in his mind the sense of wonder with which we contemplate the tangible relics of antiquity. He tried to conjure to his vision the kind of priests and people who had beheld these lamps centuries ago, speculating upon whether they were like the people of to-day or were of a mold unknown to modern comprehension. He was lost in reverie when the door opened and a shriveled little man, spectacled and gray, entered the shop. George greeted him courteously.

"Just want to look around," said the man. "Don't want to buy a cent's worth. Just rummaging." And, in another moment, the man, entirely oblivious of the salesman, was scrutinizing and feeling one article after another. He came to the Cyprus lamps. They seemed to fascinate him.

"How much?" he asked.

"\$1200 each," replied George. He knew the price by heart. The man gazed at them with the air of the true connoisseur. He handled them, rubbed them, weighed them and sniffed them.

"I'll take one of them," he said. "I don't want both. My name's Jeridan. Tell that old scoundrel Rahmi to send it up and charge it." George bowed the customer out of the place. When Rahmi returned he told him of the sale with great satisfaction. Rahmi nodded.

"You're a good boy," he said. "Jeridan is very rich. He has bought thousands of dollars' worth from me."

Upon the following day George's girl came to the place. For the first time since he had known him George saw Rahmi smile. It was an entirely different Oriental from any he had

(Concluded on page 34)



# The Thrilling Adventures of "A Friend of a Friend"

by AGNES SMITH

**P**OOR Lucy Listenin has been awfully hard hit by the war. Even if you have never met Lucy, you surely know who she is, for she is that "friend of a friend" who always gets first news of calamities and official scandals. Lucy has friends way up in the Army and Navy, knows a man very close to the President, gets uncensored letters from France, and is First Receiving Station for all the confidential and secret information that you hear at every dinner party. Lucy is first in war news, first in peace rumors and first to the ears of her countrymen.

Even before the war, when the only international bone of contention was the correct way to tango, her life was not unclouded. You may remember her as the "friend of a friend" who was pursued unrelentingly by white slavers. She was spirited away from the lobby of a very respectable looking hotel; she was jabbed by a poison needle in the subway; a handsome stranger put a drug in her ice cream soda, and she was enticed into a mysterious house by a genteel-looking old lady.



"A man 'very close to the President.'"

Poor Lucy has been accused of being pro-German because she is so fond of telling stories about transports being sunk, about the soldiers being sent to the trenches with nothing between them and the Hun but a 1906 model bean shooter, about wholesale desertions from the ranks. But the poor girl exists under such a nervous strain that it is no wonder she makes a few mistakes in her information. At the sound of a punctured taxicab tire she cries, "there goes the Woolworth Building!" Last year she lived through no less than twenty-five disastrous naval engagements right off the coast of Long Beach. Nothing can

induce her to ride on the subway, because a man "whose name you would all recognize if you heard it" warned her that Mr. Shonts's life-work was apt to be turned into an Elevated Road at any moment.

Scandals in high circles are right in Lucy's line. With her own eyes, she saw five Senators shot for treason right in front of the White House. Count von Bernstorff's brother was her butler for years and watched every move that her nephew in the aviation made. She herself tracked the Czar of Russia into a moving picture house in 125th Street, and she has it on very good authority that the wife of a well-known general is in the German secret service, and sends messages under the guise of taking her morning exercises in front of an open window.

All the sinister influences that kept a consignment of rattles from reaching the Belgian babies for whom they were intended, are well known to Lucy. She once knit a sweater for the Red Cross, and found it later on the dog of the wife of a certain very prominent government official. She knows it was the same sweater, because she dropped a stitch in the sixth row of the purling. Her brother in the army enlisted a year ago, and is still drilling in white tennis trousers and his college sweater.

(Continued on page 34)



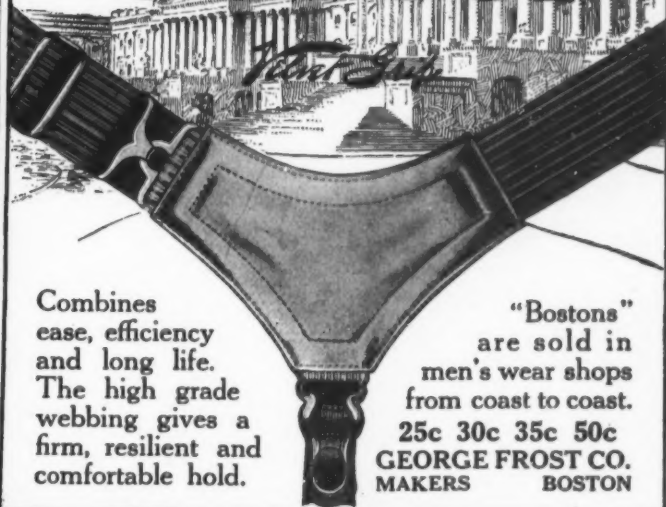
"A man 'whose name you would all recognize.'"



"Her brother enlisted a year ago."

## In National Service 39 Years

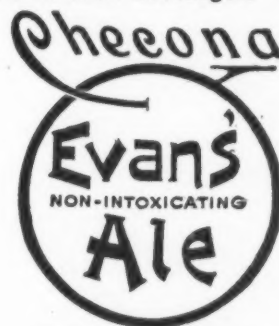
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## A Cyprus Lamp

(Concluded from page 32)

ever seen before. The girl was exceedingly pretty and Rahmi admired her on the spot. He insisted upon showing her all his wares himself. When they came to the surviving Cyprus lamp, however, George insisted upon handing it to the girl and pointing out its beauties.

"Isn't it a dear!" she exclaimed, ecstatically. Rahmi walked away and left them alone.

"Oh, George," she whispered. "If we could only have this for our own! How wonderful it would be. Think of the inspiration it would give us to study and make our minds beautiful!"

"Think of twelve hundred bucks," said George. "And a shoe-store belonging to We, Us & Co."

The girl pouted and, presently, left the shop. Rahmi laid his hands upon the salesman's shoulders.

"She is a beauty," he said. "She must surely have beautiful friends."

"She never lets me see them if she has," said George. Rahmi nodded.

"Goats!" he said. "All goats!"

Shortly after that George learned of a small shoe-store that was within his means. He waited until the end of the week and then, in the morning, said to Rahmi,

"You've been awfully good to me, Mr. Rahmi, but I'm afraid I've got to leave you." Rahmi turned to him in alarm.

"To-day?" he cried. George shook his head.

"No such hurry as that," he replied. "I'll stay until Monday or even a few days longer, if you like." Rahmi was greatly relieved.

"As long as it isn't to-day," he said. "I've got an engagement for lunch with a beautiful typewriter girl in the office building across the street and I can't leave the shop alone."

George laughed.

"Oh, I won't leave you in the lurch," he said. "I'll stay until Monday, anyway." Half an hour after Rahmi had left the place a stout, short and frowning woman who might have been anywhere between thirty-five and fifty, entered the shop. She stared at George for some time and, after surveying him from head to foot, asked, sharply:

"Where's Mr. Rahmi?"

We all have moments in our life. In fact, life wouldn't be worth while if it were not for the moments. And this was George's. He had not the faintest idea who the woman was and had not the faintest suspicion to make him cautious. And yet—it being his moment—some inexplicable, uncanny instinct prompted him to lie.

"He was called down-town on business," he replied. "Can I show you anything?" The woman did not reply. She walked toward Rahmi's desk, opened it with a key which she took from her hand-bag and took a handful of chocolates from a drawer. Then she turned to George.

"I'm Mrs. Rahmi," she said.

"My husband is an awful liar. But

I guess you men are all alike. When he comes back tell him to come home. Tell him I found out something." George bowed respectfully and the woman departed. When Rahmi arrived George told him what had happened. Rahmi did not change countenance but George observed that tiny beads of perspiration appeared upon his forehead. Rahmi shook hands with him.

"You are a good boy," he said. "You won't leave until I come back? I have to go home."

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Rahmi," said George. "I'll stay until you get another salesman." Rahmi nodded, approvingly.

"There's one thing I've been thinking about, Mr. Rahmi," continued George, somewhat embarrassedly.

"You know as soon as I get this shoe-store started, we're going to get married. Of course I'll be awfully hard up for a while but, supposing—just supposing—some day I had a little money laid by, how much would you sell me that Cyprus lamp for? You know she's just crazy about it." Rahmi kept nodding his head. He went to his desk and took out a well-thumbed ledger.

"I look up the price I paid," he said, "and you get it for the same money. I went down-town on business. Fine! Not a cent profit would I take." He looked over the pages of the ledger and his eyes brightened.

"Here it is," he said, pointing to the entry. "Two copper lamps \$12.50 each. Now I remember the man I bought them from. He was from Detroit. You take it with you and, some day, when you have plenty of money, send me \$12.50. Now I go home."

Rahmi went home. George stood, speechless, gazing upon the Cyprus lamp. Presently he fell into a muse. He thought of Mr. Jeridan. He also thought of the priests and the people who were slaughtered ages ago and of Caesar. And then he thought of what Mrs. Rahmi had found out. And George grinned.

## The Thrilling Adventures of "A Friend of a Friend"

(Concluded from page 33)

She has seen members of big relief organizations eating artichokes for luncheon and signing expense accounts for them. She knows how much socially prominent women receive per mile for marching in parades. In fact she knows everything about the war except a quick way of winning it.

But, as I have said, Lucy is a great war sufferer. Nobody sympathizes with her, although someone occasionally suggests that she be put in charge of a bureau of Public Misinformation. As for giving her a benefit, she would not stand for it. What she knows about these charity enterprises!

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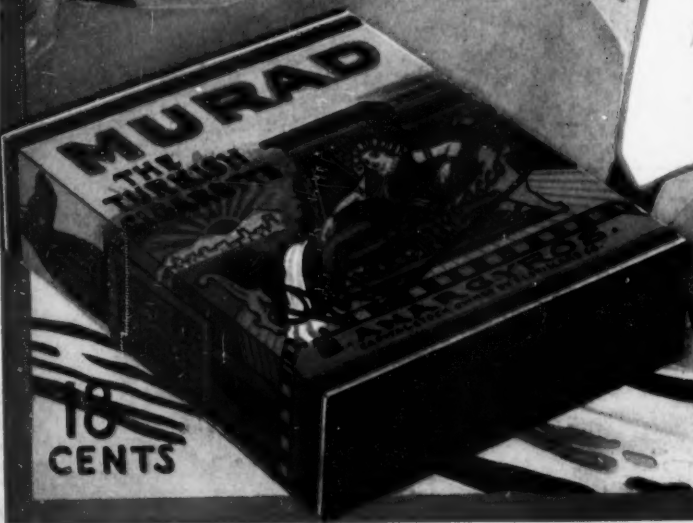
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